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The Brandon Mail.

VOL 4. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887. No. 30.

The Weekly Mail

is published every Thursday in time for the ... Brandon that day, and will contain ... telegraphic and market reports and a full summary of all local, Provincial and Dominion news, and carefully written editorials upon all public questions.

Subscription, $2.00 per year when paid in advance, and $2.50 when not so paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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[illegible]	$125 00	$70 00	$40 00	$20 00
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Notices inserted under 'special' heads in reading matter, 15 cents per line each insertion.

No papers and no advertisements discontinued until arrears are paid.

C. CLIFFE,
Editor and Publisher.

LEGAL.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,
Rosser Avenue, Brandon.
Money to loan on improved farm property.
F. G. A. Henderson, H. E. Henderson.

RUSSELL & COOPER,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS. ETC.
Office of Freehold, Loan and Savings Company.
Rosser Av., between 7th & 8th St., Brandon.
John Russell. D. H. Cooper.

W. WHITE,
[late of Scott & White, Regina.]
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,
MOOSOMIN and WHITEWOOD, ASSA.
N.B.—Money to loan at lowest rates in sums to suit borrowers. Terms easy.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPENCER,
(M. D., C. M., Univ. McGill, Montreal.)
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Quebec and Manitoba.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE.
TENTH ST., NEXT THE SCHOOL HOUSE, BRANDON.

DR. L. M. MORE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,
Gold Medalist Trinity University, Toronto, M.C.P and S. Ontario and Manitoba.
Office and Residence, Coombs & Stewart's Block, Cor. 9th and Rosser Brandon.

DENTAL.

F. E. DOERING,
DENTIST,
Gas for Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Over Hooper's Grocery Store, Corner Rosser and 9th Street. Entrance 9th Street.
Gold filling a specialty.

DICKSON and BASTEDO,
DENTISTS,
Over FLEMING'S DRUG STORE.
ENTRANCE ON ROSSER AVENUE.
ANÆSTHETICS ADMINISTERED FOR PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH
... DICKSON, D.D.S. JAMES BASTEDO, L.D.S

BUSINESS CARDS.

R. P. MULLIGAN,
WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
Sixth Street Brandon, Man.

BOOTS

Flumerfelt & Powers,
ROSSER AVENUE,
Next Door to the Express and C.P.R. Telegraph Offices.
Our Goods and Prices Cannot be Beaten.
BRING YOUR CASH AND SEE.
SEE OUR ... LADIES' SLIPPERS.
WE SELL THE CHEAPEST.

AND SHOES.

WANTED.

WANTED

TO BUY, cheap, a Second-Hand Phaeton, suitable for an Indian Pony. Apply to Mr. Cliffe, MAIL Office, Brandon, or to Mr. John Horsman, Oak Lake.

STRAYED

FROM Brandon Herd, One Light Red Cow with large white face, turned-in horns, 10 years old. Any person keeping her will please notify Trotter & Trotter, to whom property belongs.
TROTTER & TROTTER.

WANTED.

BY the end of September—a respectable woman as general servant on a farm. No objection to a married woman with one child. Wages $13 per month. With one child $10 per month. Address,
MRS. PERCY H. SELWYN,
Rounthwaite P. O., Man.

WANTED.

A GOOD GIRL, to do General House Work in a small family. Wages Fifteen Dollars ($15) per month.—Steady employment.—Apply to
Mrs. T. E. GREENWOOD,
Douglas P.O.

Brandon Employment Bureau

If you want help.
If you want employment,
If you want to buy or sell a farm,
Apply to
A. C. WELLS & CO.

TO LET.

A FEW FURNISHED ROOMS in a Private House, with or without Board, in the healthiest part of the City. Ten minutes walk from Post Office.
Apply to A. B., Mail Office.

MRS. E. CHUBB'S
ICE CREAM
For a real Good Dish of Ice Cream or a Lemonade or any Temperance Drinks,
Choicest CONFECTIONERY.
All the Choicest kinds of Fruits.
Cigars, the Havana Pearl Specials, the best Cigars in Canada, and other leading brends.
TOBACCO, THE VERY BEST.
LUNCHES AND MEALS AT ALL HOURS,
OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,
10th Street, South of Rosser, Brandon.

FARMERS ATTENTION!

If you want to see the only
ALL STEEL BINDER
SOLD IN BRANDON,
Come to the COCHRANE MFG. Co's OLD STAND.
WE CAN SELL YOU A
Mower and Rake
25 per Cent. Cheaper than any other Firm.
WE KEEP REPAIRS
For Cochrane Mfg. Co's Goods, Jas Pickard's Goods, & Wide-Awake Thrashers.
FIRST CLASS
SEWING MACHINES
On Hand.
Everything we Sell is Guaranteed.
Stock taken in Exchange
Yours,
SMITH & SHIRRIFF.
Call and see the American Deering Binder,
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

British Columbia Horses

I will be at Kelly's Barn, Brandon, regularly during the Summer, and will always have a nice lot of Mares on hand.

We have recently purchased the Chipman Ranch Co's Band, at Calgary, comprising about 650 head, all young stock, sired by imported thoroughbred Percherons.

To those desirous of getting into Horse Raising on a cheap scale, I can offer inducements that will astonish you.

In a word, I can sell you a whole Band of Mares for the price of an ordinary Canadian team.

THOS. HARKNESS.
Permanent Address—Campbell & Harkness Calgary, N.W.T., or Brandon, Man.

HORSE LOST.

STRAYED, from the premises of undersigned, 2 9 19, on the 19th July, a Dark Bay Horse, lame in left hind leg. The animal must have gone with the Presbyterian Picnic at Lake Clementi on that day. A reward will be given for information leading to recovery of the animal. Word may be left at the Mail Office, Brandon.
W. E. McCANDLISH.

Engineer Wanted.

TO run a Saw Mill at Rat Portage. A knowledge Blacksmithing is essential. Apply to J. H. Hughes, Brandon or Rat Portage. tf

WANTED.

AN Inspector of schools for the balance of the current year, for the Brandon schools, holding a 1st class certificate or its equivalent, who has had Normal training and at least three years successful experience in teaching. Applicant to be a resident of the W. J. District. Apply to
J. C. KERR,
Sec.-Treas., Brandon P.O.

TOWN TOPICS

Excursion to the Pacific Coast. Return Tickets $60.

Mr. Jas. Smith of the Engineer staff of the C. P. R., is in town.

Don't fail to secure a piece or two of the slightly damaged cotton, only 5c. per yard, at Somerville & Co's.

Messers Gibson and Frazer have purchased the remainder of Mr Oxarart's band of western horses.

There are no persons, except a sick man, in the immigrant sheds. Mr Bennett says he could find situations for two hundred in a few hours.

Mr Marver, of Griswold, is in the hands of the doctors. A stone fell on his hand and broke the bones of it as he was digging a well.

We have the largest and finest selection of dry goods, clothing, and fur goods in Brandon.—Somerville & Co.

A lad working for Mr Touchbourne, Alexander, fell off a load of hay last week. His scalp was partially torn off by the wagon wheel. He is getting better

H. E. Clark of Toronto, M. P. P., now staying at the Grand View, is dalighed with this country. We should not be surprised were he to make up his mind to stay.

Mr. James Shirriff received a telegram Monday that Mrs Shirriff, now with friends in Huntingdon, Quebec, had a turn for the worse, and he left next day for the east.

Bargains in new fall goods of all kinds, a Somerville & Co's.

The following have given special prizes to the East Brandon Agricultural Society: James A Smart, M.P.P., Charles Pilling, J E Smith, Adams Bros, Wilson & Smyth, E L Christie, K McLean, George Munroe and P E Durst. The prizes are valuable and well worth competing for.

Farmers, Go to Somerville & Co. for your grain bags, best brand, at lowest price.

Elton Loyal Orange Lodge has been held for some time at the residence of Bro. James Elliott, and at the last meeting the lodge presented Mrs. Elliott with a very nice album as a recognition of her kindness to the fraternity. In turn Mr. Elliott begs to publicly return thanks to the fraternity on behalf of his estimable lady.

Mr. Moody, of Montreal, who represents a large threshing machine manufactory in that city that does a large business in this country, accompanied by a couple of prominent Frenchmen from Terrebonn, was in the city the past few days, and all hands amused themselves in strolling through the wheat fields on the prairies.

Mr Bower, from Kempville, Ont., brother of Mr S H Bower, is visiting friends and relations in this city He likes Manitoba air, is fond of Manitoba ducks and Manitoba whist, but though he is as good looking as the senator he cannot match the honorable gentleman in avoirdupois. In this particular the Brandonite downs the lot.

Mr. Daly, while at Ottawa, urged in the strongest terms the necessity of having mail service on Wednesdays west-bound, and on Thursdays east-bound expresses, and at length the Post Master General assured him he would give it his attention in his contemplated visit to this country. He has had the visit, and a few days ago he wrote Mr. Daly he saw the justness of his contentions, and had granted the request. There will therefore, henceforth, be mail service every day of the week.

Constable Huston, successor to Mr. Foster, is now in the traces. He goes to-day to Alexander to bring in George Irwin who is reported to be insane and dangerous. In a day or so he will go to Heaslip's Ferry in search of Price, the man charged with committing a rape there some days ago, and who is said to be hiding in the vicinity.

A Birtle correspondent writes the Commercial saying 1000 bricks delivered in that town from Winnipeg cost in freight $17.60, the M. & N. W. rates being in proportion to those of the C.P.R., and yet the croakers are asking us to take the rates of the M. & N.W. as competitive with those of the C.P.R. when that road forms part of the R.R.V. system. It is a clear case; if the truth were told the M. & N.W. has to-day as much need of a competitor as has the C.P.R. To give the people of the Birtle section justice the Local Government ought also to tax the province to give Birtle a competing road as well as Winnipeg.

The entire winter portion of the Brown & Coblentz bankrupt stock to be sold cheap.—Somerville & Co.

Do you know? If you don't, your neighbors do! That the neatest, quickest, cheapest, and best place in Brandon to get horseshoing is at Stratton's, 6th Street, between Rosser and Princess Ave.

Messers J. H. Hughes and J. S. Gibson and families are all out farmin these times, and doubtless the exercise will tend to a thorough rejuvination around.

G & D Cassels, expect a largea ssortment of preserving fruit from the east and west.

Leave your orders for crab apples at Cassels.

Mr. F. B. McKenzie bought a load of new wheat from Mr. McKelvie of Cornwallis, Tuesday, the first of the season. The price paid was 50 and the sample was excellent.

Mr. McLaurin is making good headway with his new elevator, which is being located on the siding, just south of the mill.

Messers Peter Payne, of Elton, and D. W. Shaw, of Cornwallis, have been appointed agents for the Agricultural Insurance Co. represented by Mr. W. A Doyle. The Company is thoroughly solvent and as it takes nothing but farm risks the local agents are likely to do a large business in this vicinity.

Ontario preserving pears will arrive at Cassels in a few days.

A Select assortment of hand eating fruit will arrive at Cassels every Friday morning from B. C.

Make Inpuiries for preserving fruit at Cassels.

Newton, the man who murdered Ingo, at Winnipeg, last week, was committed for trial for wilful murder. Ingo's remains were interred on Friday, in the Winnipeg Cemetery, and were followed to the last resting place by ao immense cortege.

Though there have been a few cases of fever in the city this summer they are nothing to speak of. In fact the place may be said to be entirely free of all diseases of a contagious character.

W. A. McLean, barrister, of Walkerton, Ont., was in the city Monday, a guest at the Grand View.

Sir George Stephen and Mr. Van Horne, passed east on the regular train yesterday.

An old friend of the editor, Col. Sproat, now of Prince Albert, but formerly a war horse in Bruce County, Ontario, was in the city Tuesday, and paid the Mail office a friendly call. The Col. came thus far with his daughter, whom he is sending to college in Toronto. It does one good to meet with a friend possessing the warmth and geniality of the Col., and, for the time being at least, renews his youth in memory several long years. We are glad to learn the Col. is meeting with success in our northern suburb, as he deserves to meet it wherever fortune may cast his lot.

John McVicar is in the city exhibiting a stove that he contends must come into general use in this country. It is one for burning straw, fed to it from an outside building adjacent to the one to be heated, through a funnel shaped connection. It is contended 15 tons of straw will serve the stove in an ordinary sized building for a year. As it is impossible to locate a pile of straw at the rear of every building in a city or town and possess a guarantee of safety from fire, the stove cannot come into general use in towns or villages; but it seems to us it is well calculated to meet the requirements of of those farmers who live on the prairies, many miles from fuel supplies. We are well grounded in the belief that the straw now consumed will be eventually required by the fields in the form of manure, years hence, but the people who look at immediate necessities alone will doubtless fall in with the idea of utilizing straw for fuel with such a contrivance as the one referred to, as it does its work well when set about it.

THE MARKETS.

The weather during the past week has been very favorable for harvesting operations, and consequently a large area has been cut. One load was brought to market on Monday and realized 50 cts.; but this is no criterion of the prices that will be paid. The elevators are being prepared for a heavy business, and buyers expect that the market will open about the second week in September.

Wheat—nominal price 50 cts.
Barley—a little has been marketed at Manitou and fetched 35 cts.
Oats—scarcely any marketed—a good sample of old is worth 35—new, 25.
Potatoes—a plentiful supply at 25 to 30 cts.
Butter—an unlimited demand at 13 cts.
Eggs—13 cts.
Beef—a steady demand for home consumption at 2½ cents live weight.
Sheep—4½ to 5 cts. live weight.
Lambs—5 to 5½ cts. live weight.
Hides—3 to 5 cts.

Worth Remembering.

Mrs. T. Doan, of Harrietsville, Ont., was for a long time troubled with neuralgia of the stomach. Failing to find benefit from physicians, she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, from which she found speedy relief, to which she testifies, hoping it may prove beneficial to others. Many physicians recommend B.B.B.

A Valuable Discovery.

F. P. Tanner, of Neobing Ont., says he has not only found B.B.B. a sure cure for dyspepsia, but he also found it to be the best medisine for regulating and invigorating the system that he has ever taken. B.B.B. is the great system regulator.

BURNED AT SEA

The S.S. City of Montreal Burned to the water's Edge in Mid-ocean.

A Boat Containing Thirteen persons Missing—The Captain's Account.

Rescued Passengers in a Pitiable Plight The Steamor Travo Damagod.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The Inman line steamer City of Montreal has been destroyed by fire at sea. Her passengers were saved. The City of Montreal left New York August sixth for Liverpool and was commanded by Capt. Land and had a crew of 80 men. She carried no first-class passengers, but had 23 intermediate and 50 steerage passengers. The destruction of the steamer occured on the 11th inst.; five days after she left New York. A boat containing 24 passengers and seven members of the crew are missing. The steamer is valued at half a million. The names of those in the missing boat are passengers Samuel Kauffman, Geo. Arnold, Samuel McKee, intermediate; Kernard Wovtton, Stephen Tupper, Simen Rowtely, S. Kacheingeka; crew: Henry Fraser, Charles Reade, William Eranny, Patrick Hughes, Trimmer, Charles Smith, Interpreter Thomas Wilberforce, steward. The steamer had a miscellaneous cargo, including 2,000 bales of cotton, and the agents believe the fire originated nhere.

FROM QUEENSTOWN.

QUEENSTOWN, Aug. 16—The steamship York City arrived here to-day and brought news of the burning of the City of Montreal. She had on board the crew and passengers of the ill steamer with exception the of 13 who perished. Fire broke out on the night of the 10th inst., just as the passengers had retired. The alarm was given immediately and the passengers rushed from their berths half dressed. The fire invaded passage ways and created the utmost consternation among the passengers. Many were almost suffocated before reaching the open air. After all on board the ill-fated steamship had embarked in the ship's boats, the boats scattered in the night. Although the sea was lighted for miles by flames, the boat reported lost vanished from the sight of the others. This boat contained two stewards, two seamen and seven passengers. Occupants of this boat acted outrageously. It was first to leave the ship, although not nearly full when they pushed off, contrary to the coptain's orders. A bark not fat off, was preparing to take the Montreal's people on board when the York City came in sight. The officers and passengers of the City of Montreal speak with emotion of the sympathy and aid rendered by the York City, and are unanimous in their praise.

THE CAPTAIN'S VERSION.

Captain Land, Commander of the City of Montreal makes the following report: "On the 10th inst the wind was north to northwesterly. About nine o'clock of the evening of that day fire was discovered in the after hatch among the cotton. The fire hose was at once connected and streams of water was poured down upon the flames. Hand grenade fire extinguishers were freely used. The fire, however, overcame all efforts to suppress it and spread over the upper and lower decks. The ship was doomed from the beginning of the fire, and the boats had been actively prepared and provisioned. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 11th inst., the flames burst through the after hatches. The boats were lowered. There was a high sea at the time and this caused much difficulty. The women and children were first but aboard the boats, and the male passengers and the crew were embarked afterwards. The lack of time prevented the manning of the boats with their repective crews they being conpelled to continue to the last moment the work of keeping the flames down. All the boats left the ship safely, but by an oversight twenty people were left aboard the burning vessel. Boat No. 3 returned and took off six of the number. Boat No. 5 with the captain took off six more. A barque was then reported approaching and when all the boats had put their people aboard, her crew returned and took off the remaining persons on the burning steamer. It was found that boat No. 8 was missing. She was seen before the wind when she left the ship, using her oars in support of her sails. She ran away from the vessel in direct disobedience to the captain's orders. Everybody spent the night aboard the German barque Trabant, Capt. Scheel, from Charleston, July 24, for London and all were then transferred to the York City which stayed by throughout the night and vainly searched for the missing boat. Captain Land says he is sanguine that the people in boat No. 8 are saved, as the aceident occurred in the track of steamers bound east and west. The passengers and crew lost everything they had aboard the vessel, except what they stood in when they went into the boats. The origin the fire, Captain Land says, is unknown. He is certain that it broke out in more than one place among the cotton. The ship was lost in lat. 43, 38 north, long. 44, 54 west. The rescued passengers and crew when landed at Queenstown by the York City were in a pitiable condition.

HOPES FOR THE MISSING.

The captain of the bark Trabert undertook to cruise around after the New York City left the scene of the burning. There is therefore, reason to hope that the missing boat has been rescued. The rescued passengers wrote an address to Capt. Land praising his coolness and thanking him for his valuable kindness.

Presently she heard the horse's hoofs, and looked up, so that the faint light fell full upon her face, idealizing it and making its passion breathing beauty seem more of heaven than of earth. There was some look upon it, some indefinable light that day—such is the power that love has to infuse all human things with the tint of his own splendor—that it went even to the heart of the wild and evil man who adored her with the deep and savage force of his dark nature. For a moment he paused, half regretful, half afraid. Was it well to meddle with her and to build up plans for her overthrow and that of all she clung to? Would it not be better to let her be, to go his way and leave her to go hers, in peace? She did not look quite like a woman standing there, but more like something belonging to another world, some subject of a higher power. Men of powerful but undisciplined intellect like Frank Muller are never entirely free from superstition, however free they may be from religion, and he grew superstitious, as he was apt to do. Might there not be an unknown penalty for treading such a flower as that into the mire—into mire mixed perchance with the blood of those she loved?

For a few seconds he hesitated. Should he throw up the whole thing, leave the rebellion to look after itself, marry one of Hans Coetzee's daughters, and trek to the Old Colony, or Bechuanaland, or anywhere? His hand began to tighten on his bridle rein and the horse to answer to the pressure. As a first step toward it he would turn away to the left and avoid her, when suddenly the thought of his successful rival flashed into his mind. What! leave her with that man? Never! He had rather kill her with his own hand. In another second he had sprung from his horse, and, before she had guessed who it was, was standing face to face with her. The strength of his jealous desire overpowered him.

"Ah, I thought he had come after missie," said Jantje, who, pursuing his former tactics, was once more indulging his passion of slinking about behind trees and in tufts of grass. "Now what will missie say?"

"How are you, Bessie?" he said, in a quiet voice; but she, looking into his face, saw that it belied his voice. It was alive with evil passions that seemed to make it positively lurid, an effect that its undoubted beauty only intensified.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Muller," she answered, as she began to move homeward, commanding her voice as well as she could, but feeling dreadfully frightened and lonely. She knew something of her admirer's character, and feared to be left alone with him, so far from any help, for nobody was about now, and they were more than 300 yards from the house.

He stood before her, so that she could not pass without actually pushing past him. "Why are you in such a hurry?" he said. "You were standing still enough just now."

"It is time for me to be getting in. I want to see about the supper."

"The supper can wait a while, Bessie, and I cannot wait. I am going off to Paarde Kraal to-morrow at daybreak, and I want to say good by to you first."

"Good by," she said, more frightened than ever at his curious, constrained manner, and she held out her hand.

He took it and held it.

"Please let me go," she said.

"Not till you have heard what I have to say. Look here, Bessie, I love you with all my heart. I know you think I am only a Boer, but I am more than that. I have been to the Cape and seen the world. I have brains, and can see and understand things, and if you will marry me I will lift you up. You shall be one of the greatest ladies in Africa, though I am only plain Frank Muller now. Great things are going to happen in the country, and I shall be at the head of them, or near it. No, don't try to get away. I tell you I love you, you don't know how. I am dying for you. Oh! can't you believe me, my darling! my darling! Yes, I will kiss you," and in an agony of passion, that her resistance only fired the more, he flung his strong arms round her and drew her to his breast, fight as she would.

But at this opportune moment an unexpected diversion occurred, of which the hidden Jantje was the cause. Seeing that matters were getting serious, and being afraid to show himself lest Frank Muller should kill him then and there, as he would indeed have been quite capable of doing, he hit upon another expedient, to the service of which he brought a ventriloquistic power which is not uncommon among natives. Suddenly the silence was broken by a frightful and prolonged wail that seemed to shape itself into the word "Frank," and to proceed from the air just above the struggling Bessie's head. The effect produced upon Muller was something wonderful.

"Allemachter!" he cried, looking up, "it is my mother's voice!"

"Frank!" wailed the voice again, and he let go of Bessie in his perplexity and fear, and turned round to try and discover whence the sound proceeded—a circumstance that the young lady took advantage of to beat a rapid if not very dignified retreat.

"Frank! Frank! Frank!" wailed and howled the voice, now overhead, now on this side, now on that, till at last Muller, thoroughly mystified, and feeling his superstitious fears rising apace as the moaning sound flitted about beneath the dark arch of the gum trees, made a rush for his horse, which was standing snorting and trembling in every limb. It is almost as easy to work upon the superstitious fears of a dog or a horse as upon those of a man, but Muller, not being aware of this, took the animal's alarm as a clear indication of the uncanny nature of the voice. With a single bound he sprang into his saddle, and as he did so the woman's voice wailed out once more:

"Frank, thou shalt die in blood as I did, Frank!"

Thus did the man who did not hesitate to plot and to execute the cruel slaughter of unoffending men cower beneath the fancied echo of a dead woman's voice! Truly human nature is full of contradictions.

When the thunder of the horse's hoofs grew faint Jantje emerged from one of his hiding places, and, throwing himself down in the center of the dusty road, kicked and rolled with delight, shaking all the while with an inward joy that his habits of caution would not permit him to give audible vent to. "His mother's voice, his mother's words," he quoted to himself. "How should he know that Jantje remembers the old woman's voice—ay, and the words that the devil in her spoke too! Hee! Hee! Hee!"

Bessie fled without stopping till she reached the orange trees in front of the veranda, where, reassured by the lights from the windows, she paused to consider. Not that she was troubled by Jantje's mysterious howling: indeed, she was too preoccupied to give it a second thought. What she was debating was whether she should say anything about her encounter with Frank Muller. After pausing for a few seconds to pick a branch of orange blossom and to become herself generally, which, not being hysterically inclined, she very soon did, she quietly entered the house as though nothing had happened. The very first person she met was John himself, who had come in by the back way. He laughed at her orange blossom bouquet, and said that it was most appropriate, and then proceeded to embrace her tenderly in the passage; and indeed he would have been a poor sort of lover if he had not. It was exactly at this juncture that old Silas Croft happened to open the sitting room door and come full upon this tender and attractive tableau.

"Well, I never!" said the old gentleman. "What is the meaning of all this, Bessie?"

Of course there was nothing for it but to come in and explain the facts of the case, which John did with much humming and ha-ing and a general awkwardness of manner that baffles description, while Bessie stood by, her hand upon her lover's shoulder, blushing as red as any rose.

The old man listened in silence till John had finished—a smile upon his face and a kindly twinkle in his keen eyes.

"So," he said, "that is what you young people have been after, is it? I suppose that you want to enlarge your interests in the farm, eh, John? Well, upon my word, I don't blame you; you might have gone farther and fared worse. These sort of things never come singly, it seems. I had another request for your hand, my dear, only this afternoon from that scoundrel Frank Muller, of all men in the world," and his face darkened as he said the name. "I sent him off with a flea in his ear, I can tell you. Had I known then what I know now I should have referred him to John. There, there! He is a bad man and a dangerous man, but let him be. He is taking plenty of rope and he will hang himself one of these days. Well, my dears, this is the best bit of news that I have heard for many a long day. It is time you got married, both of you, for it is not right for man to live alone, or woman either. I have done it all my life, and that is the conclusion I have come to after thinking the matter over somewhere about fifty years. Yes, you have my consent and my blessing, too; and you will have something more one day before so very long. Take her, John, take her. I have led a rough life, but I have seen something of women for all of that, and I tell you that there is not a sweeter or a better or a prettier woman in south Africa than Bessie Croft, and in wanting to marry her you have shown your sense. God bless you both, my dears. And now, Bessie, come and give your old uncle a kiss. I hope that you won't let John quite drive me out of your head; that's all. For you see, my dear, having no children of my own, I have managed to get very fond of you in the last twelve years or so."

Bessie came and kissed the old man tenderly.

"No, uncle," she said, "neither John nor anybody nor anything in the world can do that," and it was evident from her manner that she meant what she said. Bessie had a large heart, and was not at all the person to let her lover drive her uncle and benefactor out of his share of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN TO THE RESCUE.

The important domestic events described in the last chapter took place on Dec. 7, 1880, and for the next twelve days or so everything went as happily at Mooifontein as things should go under the circumstances. Every day Silas Croft beamed with a more enlarged geniality in his satisfaction at the turn things had taken, and every day John found cause to congratulate himself more and more on the issue of his bold venture toward matrimony. Now that he came to be on such intimate terms with his betrothed, he perceived a hundred charms and graces in her character which he had never suspected before. Bessie was like a flower: the more she basked in the light and warmth of her love the more her character opened and unfolded, shedding perfumed sweetness round her and revealing unguessed charms. It is so with all women, and more especially with a woman of her stamp, whom nature has made to love and be loved as maid and wife and mother. Her undoubted personal beauty also shared in this development, her fair face taking a richer hue and her eyes an added depth and meaning. She was in every respect, save one, all that a man could desire in his wife, and even the exception was one that would have stood to her credit with most men. It was this: she was not an intellectual woman, although she certainly possessed more than the ordinary share of intelligence and work a day common sense. Now John was a decidedly intellectual man, and, what is more, he highly appreciated that rare quality in the other sex. But, after all, when one is just engaged to a sweet and lovely woman, one does not think much about her intellect. Those sort of reflections come afterward.

And so they sauntered hand in hand through the sunny days and were exceedingly happy. Least of all did they allow the rumors which occasionally reached them from the great Boer gathering at Paarde Kraal to disturb their serenity. There had been so many of these rumors of rebellion that folk were getting to regard them as a chronic state of affairs.

"Oh, the Boers!" said Bessie, with a pretty toss of her golden head, as they were sitting one morning on the veranda. "I'm sick to death of hearing about the Boers and all their got up talk. I know what it is; it is just an excuse for them to go away from their farms be pleased. He did not understand her yet. She had gone away just as he was beginning to understand her.

Presently he observed Jantje sneaking about between the orange trees as though he wished to call attention to himself. Had he not wanted to do so he would have moved from one to the other in such a way that nobody could have seen him. His partial and desultory appearances indicated that he was on view.

"Come out of those trees, you little rascal, and stop slipping about like a snake in a stone wall!" shouted John. "what is it you want—wages?"

Thus adjured, Jantje advanced and sat down on the path as usual, in the full glare of the sun.

"No, baas," he said, "it is not wages. They are not due yet."

"What is it then?"

"No, baas, it is this. The Boers have declared war on the English government, and they have eaten up the rooibaatjes at Bronker's Spruit, near Middelburg. Joubert shot them all there the day before yesterday."

"What!" shouted John, letting his pipe fall in his astonishment. "Stop, though, that must be a lie. You say near Middelburg, the day before yesterday; that would be Dec. 20. When did you hear this?"

"At daybreak, baas. A Basutu told me."

"Then there is an end of it. The news could not have got here in thirty-eight hours. What do you mean by coming to me with such a tale?"

The Hottentot smiled. "It is quite true, baas. Bad news flies like a bird," and he picked himself up and slipped off to his work.

Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of the thing, John was considerably disturbed, knowing the extraordinary speed with which news does travel among Kaffirs; more swiftly, indeed, than the swiftest mounted messenger can bear it. Leaving Bessie, who was also somewhat alarmed, he went in search of Silas Croft, and, finding him in the garden, told him what Jantje had said. The old man did not know what to make of the tale, but, remembering Frank Muller's threats, he shook his head.

"If there is any truth in it that villain Muller has a hand in it," he said. "I'll go to the house and see Jantje. Give me your arm, John."

He obeyed, and, on getting to the top of the steep path, perceived the stout figure of old Hans Coetzee, who had been his host at the shooting party, ambling along on his fat little pony.

"Ah," said old Silas, "here is the man who will tell us if there is anything in it all."

"Good day, Om Coetzee, good day!" he shouted out in his stentorian tone. "What news do you bring with you?"

The jolly looking Boer rolled awkwardly off his pony before answering, and, throwing the reins over its head, came to meet them.

"Allemachter, Om Silas, it is bad news. You have heard of the bymakaar (meeting) at Paarde Kraal. Frank Muller wanted me to go, but I would not, and now they have declared war on the British government, and sent a proclamation to Lanyon. There will be fighting, Om Silas; the land will run with blood, and the poor rooibaatjes will be shot down like buck."

"The poor Boers, you mean," growled John, who did not like to hear her majesty's army talked of in terms of regretful pity.

Om Coetzee shook his head with the air of one who knew all about it, and then turned an attentive ear to Silas Croft's version of Jantje's story.

"Allemachter!" groaned Coetzee, "what did I tell you? The poor rooibaatjes shot down like buck, and the land running with blood. And now that Frank Muller will draw me into it, and I shall have to go and shoot the poor rooibaatjes, and I can't miss: try as hard as I will, I can't miss. And when we have shot them all I suppose Burgers will come back, and he is krankish (mad). Yes, yes; Lanyon is bad, but Burgers is worse," and the comfortable old gentleman groaned aloud at the troubles in which he foresaw he would be involved, and finally took his departure by a bridle path over the mountain, saying that, as things had turned out, he would not like it to be known that he had been calling on an Englishman.

"John," said Silas Croft, suddenly, "you must go up to Pretoria and fetch Jess. Mark my words, the Boers will besiege Pretoria, and if we don't get her down at once she will be shut up there."

"Oh, no," cried Bessie, in sudden alarm, "I cannot let John go."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Bessie, when your sister is in danger," answered her uncle, rather sternly; "but there, I dare say that it is natural. I will go myself. Where is Jantje? I shall want the Cape cart and the four gray horses."

"No, uncle dear, John shall go. I was not thinking what I was saying. It seemed—a little hard at first."

"Of course I must go," said John. "Don't fret, dear; I shall be back in five days. Those four horses can go sixty miles a day for that time, and more. They are fat as butter, and there is lots of grass along the road if I can't get forage for them. Besides, the cart will be nearly empty, so I can carry a muid of mealies and fifty bundles of forage with me. I will take that Zulu boy, Mouti (medicine), with me. He does not know much about horses, but he is a plucky fellow, and would stick by one at a pinch. One can't rely on Jantje; he is always sneaking off somewhere, and would be sure to get drunk just as one wanted him."

"Yes, yes, John, that's right, that's right," said the old man. "I will go and see about having the horses got up and the wheels greased. Where is the castor oil, Bessie? There is nothing like castor oil for these patent axles. You ought to be off in an hour. You had better sleep at Luck's to-night; you might get farther, but Luck's is a good place to stop, and they will look after you well there, and you can be off by 3 in the morning and be at Heidelberg by 10 o'clock to-morrow night and in Pretoria by the next afternoon," and he bustled off to make the necessary preparations.

"Oh, John," said Bessie, beginning to cry, "I don't like your going at all among those wild Boers. You are an English officer, and if they find you out they will shoot you. You don't know what brutes some of them are when they think it safe to be so. Oh, John, John, I can't bear your going."

"Cheer up, my dear," said John, "and for Heaven's sake stop crying, for I can't bear it. I must go. Your uncle would never forgive me if I didn't, and, what is more, I should never forgive myself. There is nobody else to go, and we can't leave Jess to be shut up there in Pretoria—for months perhaps. As for the risk, of course there is a bit of risk, but I must take it. I am not afraid of risks—at least I used not to be, but you have made a bit of a coward of me, Bessie dear. There, give me a kiss, old girl, and come and help me to pack my things. Please God I shall get back all right, and Jess with me, in a week from now."

Whereon Bessie, being a sensible and eminently practical young woman, dried her tears, and with a cheerful face, albeit her heart was heavy enough, set to work with a will to make every preparation she could think of. The few clothes John was going to take with him were packed in a Gladstone bag, and the box that was arranged underneath the movable seat in the Cape cart was filled with the tinned provisions that are so much used in South Africa, and all the other little arrangements, small in themselves, but of such infinite importance to the traveler in a wild country, were duly attended to by her careful hands. Then came a hurried meal, and before it was swallowed the cart was at the door, with Jantje hanging as usual on to the heads of the two front horses, and the stalwart Zulu, or rather Swazi boy, Mouti, whose sole luggage appeared to consist of a bundle of assegais and sticks wrapped up in a grass mat, and who, hot as it was, was enveloped in a vast military great coat, lounging placidly alongside.

"Good by, John, dear John," said Bessie, kissing him again and again, and striving to keep back the tears that, do what she could, would gather in her blue eyes. "Good by, my love."

"God bless you, dearest," he said, simply, kissing her in answer; "good by, Mr. Croft, I hope to see you again in a week," and he was in the cart and had gathered up the long and intricate looking reins. Jantje let go the horses' heads and gave a whoop. Mouti, giving up star gazing, suddenly became an animated being and scrambled into the cart with surprising alacrity; the horses sprang forward at a hand gallop and were soon hidden from Bessie's dim sight in a cloud of dust. Poor Bessie! It was a hard trial; and now that John had gone and her tears could not distress him, she went into her room and gave way to them freely enough.

John reached Luck's, an establishment on the Pretoria road that happily combined the characteristics of an inn, a shop and a farm house, such as are to be met with in sparsely populated countries. It was not an inn and not a farm house, strictly speaking, nor was it altogether a shop, though there was a "store" attached. If the traveler were anxious to obtain accommodation for man and beast at a place of this stamp he had to proceed warily, so to speak, lest he should be requested to move on. He must advance, hat in hand, and ask to be taken in as a favor, as many a high handed traveler, accustomed to the obsequious attentions of "mine host," has learned to his cost. There is no such dreadful autocrat as your half and half inn keeper in South Africa, and then he is so completely master of the situation. "If you don't like it, go and be d—d to you," is his simple answer to the remonstrances of the infuriated voyager. And then you must either knock under and look as though you liked it, or trek on into the "unhostelled" wilderness. On this occasion, however, John fared well enough. To begin with he knew the owners of this place, who were very civil people if approached in a humble spirit, and, furthermore, he found everybody in such a state of unpleasurable excitement that they were only too glad to get another Englishman to talk the matters over with. Not that their information amounted to much, however. There was a rumor of the Bronker's Spruit disaster and other rumors of the investment of Pretoria, and of the advance of large bodies of Boers to take possession of the pass over the Drakensburg, known as Laing's Nek, but there was no definite intelligence.

"You won't get into Pretoria," said one melancholy man, "so it's no use trying. The Boers will just catch you and kill you, and there will be an end of it. You had better leave the girl to look after herself and go back to Mooifontein."

But this was not John's view of the matter. "Well," he said, "at any rate, I'll have a try." Indeed, he had a sort of bulldog sentiment about him that led him to believe that, if he made up his mind to do a thing, he would do it somehow, unless he should be physically incapacitated by circumstances beyond his own control. It is wonderful how far a mood of this sort will take a man. Indeed, it is the widespread possession of this sentiment that has made England what she is. Now it is beginning to die down and be legislated out of our national character, and the results are already commencing to appear in the incipient decay of our power. We cannot govern Ireland. It is beyond us; let Ireland have home rule! We cannot cope with our imperial responsibilities; let them be cast off; and so on. The Englishmen of fifty years ago did not talk like this. Well, every nation becomes emasculated sooner or later, that seems to be the universal fate; and it appears that it is our lot to be emasculated, not by the want of law, but by a plethora of it. This country was made, not by governments, but mostly in despite of them by the independent efforts of a series of individuals. The tendency nowadays is to merge the individual in the government, and to limit and even forcibly destroy personal enterprise and responsibility. Everything is to be legislated for or legislated against. The system is only in its bud as yet. When it blooms the empire will lose touch of its individual atoms and become a vast, soulless machine, which will first get out of order, then break down, and, last of all, break up. We owe more to sturdy, determined, unconvincible Englishmen like John Niel than we realize, or, perhaps, should be willing to acknowledge in these enlightened days.

CHAPTER XV.

A ROUGH JOURNEY.

The four grays were fresh horses, in good condition and with a light load behind them, so, notwithstanding the bad condition of the tracks which they call roads in South Africa, John made good progress.

By 11 o'clock that day he had reached Standerton, a little town upon the Vaal, not far from which he was destined, had he but known it, to meet with a sufficiently striking experience. Here he obtained confirmation of the Bronker's Spruit disaster, and listened with set face and blazing eyes to the tale of treachery and wholesale massacre which was, as he said, without a parallel in the annals of civilized war.

At Standerton John was again warned that it would be impossible for him to make his way through the Boers at Heidelberg, a town about sixty miles from Pretoria, where the Triumvirate, Kruger, Pretorius and Joubert, had proclaimed the republic. But he answered as before, that he must go on till he was stopped, and, inspanning his horses, set forward again, a little comforted by the news that the bishop of Pretoria, who was hurrying up to rejoin his family, had passed through a few hours before, also intent upon running the blockade, and that if he drove fast he might overtake him.

On he went, hour after hour, over the great deserted plain, but he did not succeed in catching up to the bishop. About forty miles from Standerton he saw a wagon standing by the roadside, and halted to see if he could get any information from its driver. But on investigation it became clear that the wagon had been looted of the provisions and goods with which it was loaded and the oxen driven off. Nor was this the only evidence of violence. Across the disselboom of the wagon, the hands still clasping a long [illegible], as though he had been trying to defend himself with it, lay the dead body of the native driver. His face, John noticed, was so composed and peaceful that, had it not been for the attitude and a neat little blue hole in the forehead, you might have thought he was asleep and not dead.

By the time that the horses had done their forage and Mouti had forced the bits into their reluctant mouths, the angry splendor of the sunset had faded, and the quiet night was falling over the glowing veldt like a pall on one scarce dead. There was, fortunately for the travelers, a bright half moon, and by its light John managed to direct the cart over many a weary mile. On he went for hour after hour, keeping his tired horses to the collar as best he could, till at last, about 11 o'clock, he saw the lights of Heidelberg before him, and knew that the question of whether or not his journey was at an end would speedily be decided for him. However, there was nothing for it but to go on and take his chance of slipping through. Presently he crossed a little stream, and made out the shape of a cart just ahead, around which [illegible] and a couple of lanterns were moving. No doubt, he thought to himself, it was the bishop, who had been stopped by the Boers. He was quite close to the cart when it moved on, and in another second he was greeted by the rough challenge of a sentry, and caught sight of the cold gleam of a rifle barrel.

"Wie da?" (Who's there?)

"Friend!" he answered, cheerfully, though feeling far from cheerful.

There was a pause, during which the sentry called to another man, who came up yawning, and saying something in Dutch. Straining his ears he caught the words, "Bishop's man," and this gave him an idea.

"Who are you, Englishman?" asked the second man, gruffly, holding up a lantern to look at John, and speaking in English.

"I am the bishop's chaplain, sir," he answered, mildly, trying desperately to look like an unoffending clergyman, "and I want to get on to Pretoria with him."

The man with the lantern inspected him closely. Fortunately he had on a dark coat and a clerical looking black felt hat; the same that Frank Muller had put a bullet through.

"He is a preacher fast enough," said the one man to the other. "Look, he is dressed like an old crow! What did 'Om' Kruger's pass say, Jan? Was it two carts or one that were to let through? I think that it was one."

The other man scratched his head.

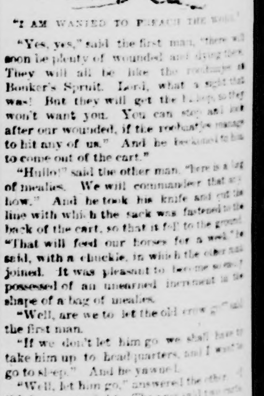
"I think it was two," he said. He did not like to confess to his comrade that he could not read. "No, I am sure that it was two."

"Perhaps we had better send up to Om Kruger and ask?" suggested the first man.

"Om Kruger will be in bed, and he puts up his quills like a porcupine if one wakes him," was the answer.

"Then let us keep the d—d preaching Englishman till to-morrow."

"Pray let me go on, gentlemen," said John, still in his mildest voice. "I am wanted to preach the word at Pretoria, and to watch by the wounded and dying."



"I AM WANTED TO PREACH THE WORD."

"Yes, yes," said the first man, "there will soon be plenty of wounded and dying there. They will all be like the rooibaatjes at Bonker's Spruit. Lord, what a sight that was! But they will get the bishop, so they won't want you. You can stop and look after our wounded, if the rooibaatjes manage to hit any of us." And he beckoned to him to come out of the cart."

"Hullo!" said the other man, "here is a bag of mealies. We will commandeer that anyhow." And he took his knife and cut the line with which the sack was fastened to the back of the cart, so that it fell to the ground. "That will feed our horses for a week," he said, with a chuckle, in which the other man joined. It was pleasant to become suddenly possessed of an unearned increment in the shape of a bag of mealies.

"Well, are we to let the old crow go?" said the first man.

"If we don't let him go we shall have to take him up to headquarters, and I want to go to sleep." And he yawned.

"Well, let him go," answered the other. "I think you are right. The pass said two carts. Be off, you d—d preaching Englishman!"

John did not wait for any more, but laid the whip across the horses' backs with a will.

On the following morning, when Commandant Frank Muller—having heard that this enemy, John Niel, was on his way with the Cape cart and four gray horses—ascertained that a vehicle answering to that description had been allowed to pass through Heidelberg in the dead of night, his state of mind may better be imagined than described.

As for the two sentries, he had them tried by court martial and set them to make fortifications for the rest of the rebellion. They can neither of them now hear the name of a clergyman mentioned without breaking out into a perfect flood of blasphemy.

Luckily for John, although he had been delayed for five minutes or more, he managed to overtake the cart in which he presumed the bishop was ensconced. His lordship had been providentially delayed by the breaking of a trace; otherwise, it is clear that his self nominated chaplain would never have got through the steep streets of Heidelberg that night. The whole town was [illegible]

MUNICIPALITY OF WHITEHEAD.

...at 6th Aug. Full board.

COMMUNICATIONS.

...commissioner Dom. lands re pro... through sec. 11, tp. 10, rg. 22 w.

—James C. Stoyte, re grant to West Agricultural Society.

B... C. P. R., re railway crossing.—Filed.

... school district, re advance ... of levy.—Filed.

PETITIONS.

...Joseph Eggar and nine others, re ... road between secs. 23 and 24, tp. ...

MOTIONS.

...—Elliott—That the bridge at ... across the Assiniboine be referred ... municipal commissioner for settlement.—Lost.

Speers—Cheasley—That the municipality of Woodworth receive the sum of two hundred dollars ($200) as their portion of ... cost of constructing bridge at ... Assiniboine river, instead of referring to the municipal commissioner.—Carried.

Speers—Cheasley—That councillor Husband inspect grievance submitted by Eggar ... grant of fifty dollars and report at next meeting of council.—Carried.

...—Peacock—That the council give ... grant to the West Brandon Agricultural society, as we have already assisted ... society in Brandon.—Carried.

Cheasley—Speers that this council do grant twenty-five dollars to the Winnipeg general hospital.—Carried.

...—Peacock—That this council do ... assist the municipality of Daly in build... bridge across the Assiniboine north of ... this year.—Lost.

...—Speers—That the municipality of Whitehead grant $400 on condition that ... municipality of Daly do complete ... over the Assiniboine north of Alexander station location to suit joint commissioner for public travel, said bridge to be ... at not less than $2000 fair computation ... this municipality to be exempted ... any expense in the future of maintaining said bridge.—Carried.

Husband—Peacock—That the following accounts as recommended by finance committee be paid: Lindsay & Co., 5.44; A. Harris, Levi & Co., 3.00; J. F. Walker, 7.80; J. H. Hughes, 5.61; Brandon Sun, 34.52; Geo. Cheasley, 14.00; C. W. Speers, 14.20; John Creighton, 13.00; Isaac Holden, 4.00; Wm. Peacock, 14.80; Alex Speers, 17.00; A. F. ..., 16.00; John Husband, 8.20; John ..., 1.00; E. McLean, 1.25;

Sec.-Treas postage ap.,	$10 40
Vital statistic fees,	4 00
... roads and bridges,	8 60
	$23 00

Carried.

Speers—Cheasley—That reeve Nichol have obstruction on road removed immediately leading to bridge situated on sec. 20, tp. 9, rg. 22, on which road R. J. Stewart has impeded traffic by building fence.—Carried.

By-law No. 70, to authorize a tax rate for current year.

For District purposes	.73 mills	on $	
do County do	.24	do	do
do Debenture do	1.35	do	do
do School do	2.	do	do
do General do	8.68	do	do

By-law No. 71, to change roads between secs. 7 and 18, tp. 10, 21.

By-law No. 72, to change road between secs. 12 and 13, tp. 10, rg. 22.

By-law No. 73, to change road between secs. 2 and 11, tp. 10 rg. 22.

By-law No. 74, to change road between secs. 10 and 11, tp. 10, rg. 22.

By-law No. 75, to change road between secs. 19 and 20, tp. 9, rg. 22.

By-law No. 76, to borrow six hundred dollars were read and passed.

Council adjourned till Saturday, 1st ...

MUNICIPALITY OF DALY.

Minutes of council meeting held at house of Mr. Creighton, August 16th, 1887.

All members present.

Minutes of meeting July 5th read and approved.

COMMUNICATIONS.

... city of Brandon re grant towards ... of 18th street bridge.

From West Brandon Agricultural society ... a grant in aid of said society.

From municipal commissioner enclosing ... for year.

RESOLUTIONS.

Walker—Matthews—That a grant of ... hundred dollars be made the city of Brandon to assist in the purchase of 18th street bridge, provided said bridge is at ... and put in proper repair.—Carried.

The yeas and nays being called for were as follows:

Yeas: councillors Walker, Matthews, Stewart, Chisholm and Creighton.

Nays: councillor Graham.

Matthews—Chisholm—That the communication from west Brandon agricultural society be laid over till next meeting.

Walker—Creighton—That the taxes paid by Mr. Gillet on N.E. qr. 26,12,21, in error be refunded, and that order be drawn on treasurer for same.—Carried.

Stewart—Walker—That the resolution granting a bonus for the destruction of gophers be rescinded.—Carried.

Matthews—Creighton—That George Wo... be paid the money due to him on account of bridge, and that the recommendation of committee be accepted.—Carried.

Walker—Chisholm—That the clerk be instructed to communicate with the municipal commissioner and ascertain the amount of county debt standing against this municipality.—Carried.

Stewart—Graham—That we proceed with the building of a bridge over the Assiniboine river to Alexander as soon as Whitehead council will grant six hundred dollars to assist in the construction of the same.—Carried.

By-law No. 35, to raise the sum of six thousand dollars by the issue of debentures ... that amount was submitted to council and read second time.

By-law 44, to appoint polling places to take vote of ratepayers upon debenture by-law.—Carried.

By-law 47, to provide for the allowance to persons from whom taxes are due to the municipality for current year a rebate of such amounts as may have been paid by them for taxes for the year 1882.—Passed.

By-law 46, to borrow on credit of muni...

1690.

L. O. L. meets on the FIRST MONDAY IN EACH MONTH in their rooms, corner of 6th St. and Rosser Av. Visiting brethern are cordially invited to attend.

Wm. WILSON, Master.
E. H. MANCHESTER, Sec.

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Disorders and ailments of the kidneys, bladder and urinary secretive system, or attendant complaints—causing pain in small of back, sidet, etc., producing urinary disorders, such as too frequent, scanty, difficult, painful or copious micturation, inability of retention and sedimentary urine, dropsical symptoms, etc., denoting the presence in the system of diseases common to the urinary secretive organs, known as gravel, catarrh of the bladder and passages; Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, piles, nervous debility, etc., etc.

Pamphlets and testimonials can be obtained from druggists free.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Be sure ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

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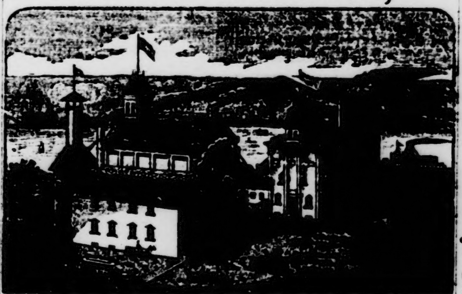

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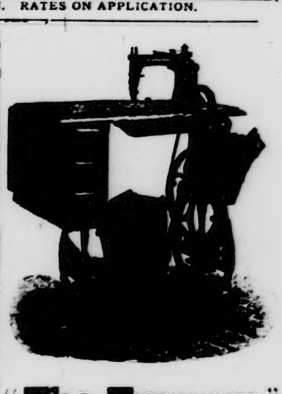

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

IMMIGRATION.

At the present time there are many eyes in Ontario turned towards this country, and it is only a wonder the emigration from our sister province has not been more extensive than it has been the past two years. During the first two or three years after the western extension of the C.P.R. there was something of a wild rush westward, but it was more after the character of the first invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards—a frenzie for wealth through spasmodis speculation—than a desire to settle and secure wealth through the ordinary pursuits of life. The results of the "boom" have proved disastrous to many, which is but the story of history in any other country, where inflation has been taken for natural growth. The lesson learned by the sufferers, has however cost the country many a settler in the past, but now again attention is directed hitherward and this time by those who are satisfied to earn a competency through the ordinary pursuits of life. Notwithstanding the statements of disinterested parties to the contrary, there is a field in Manitoba for all following the different lines of industry that have become a success in the older provinces; but of course the greater field—the almost illimitable avenues to success—are open through agriculture and its kindred callings. The day of booms and "boomsters" has gone past in this country, and now matters are coming down to sensible, legitimate business in every line or calling. To succeed now in the country means only to engage in any legitimate business with the necessary capital and experience and grow up gradually according to the experience of most successful men in the other provinces.

As we have said agriculture and its kindred industries—cattle breeding, butter and cheese making &c. &c., are the natural pursuits of this country, and those who engage in them with a little capital and the requisite energy and pluck are as sure to succeed as the sun is to rise and set. As the field is almost unlimited in this particular, unlimited capital may be successfully employed; but for the welfare of the masses, and the progress of the country, the most desirable settler taking all the circumstances into account, is the one who is the most likely to emigrate from the older provinces—the agriculturist who is surrounded by a young family for whose welfare he has a deep concern and has not found the returns for labor and perseverance on a small farm in the east, equal to his expectations. We would not advise the farmer who is comfortably situated on a large and productive farm in the east and without care to provide for, to break up his comfort and commence pioneering here as there can be no laudible sentiment for so doing—all such a man can desire is success for himself, and can readily realise it where he is. It is the agriculturist who has industry and energy and without the prospects desired by the good citizen, that can especially find a field for his energy here, and legitimate fruits for his labor. Pioneering is now to a large extent at least over in the other provinces, but the residents almost collectively know farming lands in them have cost every cent of their present values whatever they may be, to bring them into their present state of cultivation. If a value be put upon the purchase price for chopping, stumping, ditching, stoning, fencing &c., the total with the cost of buildings and tree-planting will equal the present value of the property—the territory over. There is, therefore, but little foundation for all this talk about growth in value; it in fact represents nothing more than the money expended to bring about the present state of improvement. If the man who has spent a lifetime bringing a bush farm into a state of culture estimates a salary for the years of labor he has exerted on his holding, he will find he has but little more, if any, than reasonable wages for the years of drudgery he has put in. All this is widely different in Manitoba—the open prairie or a farm ready for breaking the green sward lies before him, the first time it is visited by the footsteps of the whiteman. If the settler then has the means to make a first payment equal or very nearly so in amount to the first payment made by the pioneer in an eastern province, to erect a dwelling, purchase a team and a small farming outfit, and keep his family one year, he is in a better position to succeed than is the farmer on an improved farm in the east, in that he will have a greater yield from the results of his labor. He is in almost any corner of the province within a reasonable distance of a railway, and therefore, a market for the products of his farm—school-houses, churches, postoffices, stores, and all the conveniences of civilization in the other provinces to the east.

J. M. Robinson, who is nominally the owner of the half-breed newspaper (?) in this city—that is a print the one side of which is indigenous to a pelfy soil in this country and the other to the climate of an office in Toronto—is a man of more aspirations than a casual observer would think in listening to the words of wisdom that fall from his lips, as they daily perform their oily mission. Our readers will remember that it was through the influence of the Local Government, and their inducements of patronage at double the prices for which the work could be done, that he was established in this city a year ago; and that from the date of his establishment until the defection of Mr. Brown from the Cabinet, no praise was too long or too loud for the government.

This man too is nominally the owner and editor of a paper at Portage la Prairie, and here is from its issue of a week ago:

"It is current gossip on the street that the Winnipeg Morning Call is no longer the organ of the Local Government. Some say that excellent journal is really under the influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and that it dare not take sides with Mr. Norquay in the construction of the Red River Valley Railway. * * * While Mr. Norquay is bravely fighting the battles of the province by pushing forward the construction of the Red River Valley Railway in the face of the most determined opposition from the C.P.R., as well as a strong opposition from the Federal authorities, we look in vain in the columns of the Call for that measure of support which a government organ should afford. We think the Call owes allegiance to Mr. Norquay and his colleagues and to every Conservative member of the Legislature on the Red River Valley Railway question, but if it can't give its support to the government it should at least be frank enough to "speak out in meetin'" so that Mr. Norquay may not be deceived by any false lights."

Now is not this refreshing? This man Robinson now thinks Mr. Norquay is "bravely fighting the battles of the province" when he knows that gentleman is really waging war against the Federal Government, and, as the Free Press puts it, going on with the R. R.V. in open rebellion against all law and constitution. He is also anxious "that Mr. Norquay may not be deceived by any false light." Yes, indeed! he is an excellent authority on "false lights" and "deception." As we have said above, shortly before the opening of the last session of parliament, Mr. Brown made an alliance with Greenway, Martin & Co. by which the Norquay Government was to be defeated, and Grit councils were to prevail for the government of the country; and who, would the reader believe it, but this same Sobinson, who is now so solicitous for Norquay's safety, and so anxious that that gentleman may be freed from deception and false lights, was the principal actor in that game of treachery—unequalled for subtlety, and for check has no parallel even in the questionable record of the past governments of this province!

But this is not the worst of it. The author, and the only author, so far as we are able to learn, of this "current gossip," Robinson himself, had the audacious brazenness to go to Winnipeg the other day and urge the government to fleece the treasury of the province, to rob the people as they have never been robbed before, and establish him in a newspaper in Winnipeg in opposition to the Call. The hugeness of this artifice lies in the fact that he could imagine that a government that had been so basely betrayed by him but a few weeks before, could now, without ever seeing a penitential tear in his eye, take him so confidently to their bosom as to rob the treasury a second time for his individual sake.

Without the brains to publish a paper that can recommend itself to the people on its merits, and therefore unable to earn an honest living by legitimate competition, the closing effort is to filch an existence by public plunder. But, no, Mr. Robinson, your measure is already too well taken by the government your latest somersault has inspired you to protect—in "deceit" and "false lights." Even your bosom friend Mr. Kirchhoffer says the government has resolved on having a new election this fall, and their main reason for doing so is to get rid of yourself and the one or two traitors who conspired with you but a few months ago. We are in possession of the evidence of this and will give it you, if you call at our office in a spirit of honest enquiry. When the government wants a new organ, you may be sure, Mr. Robinson, they will have some regard for the integrity and political antecedents of the organist, at least this is our opinion.

According to the statements of that artful dodger Mr. Robinson, as shewn above, the Call is not in the best of favor with the Local Government. Of course the statement of Robinson does not establish the truth of the report, but even if it is the case, we know of no reason why that should materially disturb the peace of mind of our Winnipeg contemporary. As we understand the business, the Call professes to be a Liberal Conservative paper, and an advocate of Liberal Conservative principles. If then the course of the Local Government attacks the latter, how can the Call be expected to bolster up both? To an acrobat of the Robinson persuasion, the thing is easy enough—he can readily take any side of the fence the grass is on, but it is different with a journalist who has an eye to his reputation in the future. Conservatives in the west think the Call has given rather too much encouragement to the government's course of action, for the welfare of all interests; but published as it is in Winnipeg, in the hotbed of sensationalism, a sensible mind must conclude it would be more or less influenced by its surroundings, under the circumstances. Withal, however, its willingness to insert communications, clothed in proper language, reviewing every phase of the question, establishes its reputation for fair dealing and independence, in strong contrast with the record of Robinson himself. There is not a sensible man in Winnipeg no matter what his feelings towards the R.R.V. road may be but has his doubts as to the ultimate success of the line in operation, even if it should be built to a complete finish. The Call then holds, and that very wisely, that until these doubts are removed even from a Winnipeg point of view, there is no necessity for such unqualified excitement and bravado. If the first section cannot be operated as an independent line, the expenditure on others to that end must only be so much money thrown away, which the country cannot afford. For our own part, our main objections to the road are that the way was not cleared for its construction, in the courts before a dollar of expenditure was made. If it is the right of the province to have those competing roads, an appeal to the Queen in Council would establish the fact, and then, according to the statements of the friends of the R.R.V. other outside companies would come in and build the roads without a cent of cost to the province. If on the other hand the appeal decided, the C.P.R. was entitled to compensation before competition was allowed across the boundary or in the added territory, then all the work on the R.R.V. is being illegally done, and is so far a waste of so much provincial resources. In any case then the action of the government is unjustifiable from a purely provincial point of view. We may here remark that with the road obstructed at every stage by the C.P.R. as it is certain to be, it cannot be got ready to be of any service even to the eastern part of the province this season, and as the Federal Government courts an appeal to the Queen in council, the matter could be settled and the road gone on with as soon as it can be in any event. These in a nutshell are our objections to the steps the Local Government has taken.

The friends of the R.R.V. Railway say they want connection with the M. & N.W.R. to secure competition with the C.P.R. westerly. This is a mixture of peculiarities. We have the M. & N.W. rates at our elbow as we write, and we find that in their 8th class, which includes wheat by the carload, their charges are, per 100 lbs.:—

50 miles	....	13 cents
75 ,,	....	15½ ,,
100 ,,	....	17½ ,,
150 ,,	....	21 ,,
200 ,,	....	24 ,,

As these are precisely the C.P.R. rates, it will require more than a little ingenuity to show how a road charging the same as the C.P.R. can give competition to it. Doubtless the Winnipeg Sun can do it. As the R.R.V. and its connections will be some hundreds of miles longer to the seaboard than the C P.R. route is, it requires extra ingenuity to show how the same rate per mile can give competition on a longer distance Verily, the people along the route of the competitor to the C.P.R. have as much necessity for a competing road as have the settlers contiguous to the C.P.R. It will take the third thief to catch the second, and so on to the end of the string.

WINNIPEG, Man., August 16th.—The bulletin of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture, just issued, says the wheat harvest was expected to be general during the second week in August if favorable ripening weather ensued. Gophers are doing some damage, but not so much as in 1886. The indications all point to a very large return. The approximate yields reported by correspondents give an average of 256 bushels per acre over the province. In the eastern group of counties the average is approximated at 248 bushels per acre; in the south-western 246; in the central, 258; and in the north-western, 271. The averages in in the different counties range from 194 to 286 bushels per acre.

The foregoing appeared in the Montreal Star. An average of 286 bushels of wheat to the acre, and still there are Grits in the country who say farming does not pay in Manitoba! It is more than probable the intelligent night editor of that print omitted the decimal point between the last two figures in every case, and hence the super-glowing accounts from this province.

The C.P.R. people got out an injunction on Saturday, to restrain the R.R.V. people from crossing the Browning lots near Morris. The case was argued yesterday, but we have not heard the results. The general opinion of disinterested lawyers is, the Public Works Act under which the province is building the road, is insufficient, and if that view is held by the courts, the whole work so far done is illegal. In that event the Local House will be called together to legalize the work, and doubtless the Federal Government will disallow the last legislation, and so the children's play will be continued until the Queen in Council is asked to decide what are and what are not the rights of the province. The regret is this was not done before the province was sunk in the million debt.

It appears Mr Norquay was asked in Chicago if the press of Manitoba was subsidised in interest of the C.P.R., and the Winnipeg Sun puts up its head to say "The Sun is not the paper referred to. We presume that since that cheque of $1000 of Sir Donald's was returned for the bigger mouthful, the Sun is not at liberty to put out its hand to the C.P.R.

The virtuous mud pelter, yclept the Winnipeg Sun, intimates "Cliffe, Daly & Co. are truckling to the monopolists." Will it kindly show how? The friends of the R.R.V.railway have all along contended an appeal to the Privy Council would establish the fact that old Manitoba had a right to build railways to the boundary to connect with outside systems, an if this right was conceded to the province these competing railways would be built without a cent of expense to the province. "Cliffe, Daly & Co." contend these means of getting the province's rights ought to be resorted to before law and order are violated. If, then, the former contentions of the Red Riverites are sound, they are now traitors to their own representations in not enforcing them; and therefore traitors to the Province in saddling it with a million of debt they all along contended was not necessary. This is the ground Cliffe, Daly & Co. take, and all sensible men, barring the fire-eaters at Winnipeg, must admit, it is sound. Cliffe, Daly & Co. contend that if constitutional proceedings will get the province its rights, and secure for it the roads the country requires, without taxation, that the Red Riverites who force taxation to secure the same end are traitors to all interests from every substantial view of the situation. Does the doubly purchased print at the hub understand this?

C.P.R. CONNECTION.

To the Editor of the MAIL.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an article which appeared in the Winnipeg Sun the other day, in which Mr. Attorney General Hamilton is reported as discussing the connection to be made with the C.P.R. by the R.R. V.R. Mr. Hamilton is reported as having referred to the General Railway Act of the Dominion, and as having stated that according to this Act the C.P.R. cannot help giving connection with the R.R.V.R. I have taken the trouble to look into this statute and I feel satisfied that it does not warrant the conclusion Mr. Hamilton has come to on it. I say that the C.P.R. can legally and lawfully refuse connection with the R.R.V.R., and if they desire to do so the R.R.V.R. cannot compel them to connect. I take the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1886, page 1496, chap. 109, sec. 56 and the sub-sections, I find the section quoted by Mr. Hamilton there consolidated with the Railway Act. Sub-sec. 4 of sec. 56 of Revised Statutes of Canada, chap. 109 (which is Mr. Hamilton's sub-sec. 15 of the Consolidated Railway Act, 1879) states: "Every company shall according to its power afford all reasonable facilities for the receiving and forwarding and delivery of traffic upon and from the several railways belonging to or worked by such companies respectively, and for the return of carriages, trucks, and other vehicles; and no such company shall make or give any undue or unreasonable preference or advantage to or in favour of any particular person or company...... &c., &c........ and any agreement made between any two or more companies contrary to this sub-section shall be unlawful and null and void." To the ignorant and uninformed the section just quoted might mean what Mr. Hamilton is reported as saying. But let me point out to you, Mr. Editor, something more about this clause. In the first place we must ascertain what the word "Company," as used in this clause, means. By referring to sec. 40, chap. 109 of Revised Statutes of Canada, sub-sec. (a), we shall there see what this word "Company" means. The clause reads: "The expression "Company" means any railway company within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada." So that we see that the "Company" referred to in sub sec. 4 of sec. 56 above quoted must be a railway company within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada. Is the Red River Valley Railway within the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada? Hardly, I think, when it is being built in the face of and in violation of the constitution. The R.R.V.R. is being built by the Province without the authority of the Parliament of Canada or of the Parliament of Manitoba. I include the latter because the Act under which the R.R.V.R. is now being built has been disallowed and is therefore no longer law. So we clearly see that Mr. Hamilton cannot get this connection with the C.P.R. under the act quoted by him. To go further, however, and to enable us to fully understand this sub-sec. 4 of sec. 56 (Mr. Hamilton's sub-sec 13), we must look at sub-sec. 2 of sec. 56, chap 109, Revised Statutes of Canada, and we find it laid down there that the "directors of any company may at any time make and enter into any agreement with any other company, for the regulation and interchange of traffic, &c., &c." This sub-section is only permissive, the word "may" being used, and there is nothing in the whole section which makes it imperative upon any company to enter into an agreement for the interchange of traffic with another company. I state here that sub sec. 4 of sec. 56, above quoted, refers and can only refer to the companies referred to in sub-sec. 2 of sec. 56, who may have entered into an agreement for the interchange of traffic. There is nothing in any part of this section 56 of chap. 109, which will compel the C.P.R. to enter into an agreement for the interchange of traffic with the R.R.V.R., if the C.P.R. do not desire to do so. And it would not make a particle of difference if the R RV.R. was backed by all the legal charters in the world. They cannot compel the C.P.R. to enter into the necessary agreement with them. That subsection 4 refers to the companies only who have entered into an agreement for interchange of traffic is also plain from the expressions used at the end of sub-sec. 4, where it says: "And any agreement made between any two or more companies contrary to this sub section shall be unlawful and null and void." There are also other difficulties surrounding this matter. For suppose the C.P.R. were willing to enter into an agreement with the R.R.V.R. for the interchange of traffic; before this agreement could be complete it would require to have the approval of the Governor in Council. Sub-sec. 2, sec. 56, chap. 109, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1886. The Governor in Council has disallowed the R.R.V.R. Acts, and is he likely to give his approval to an agreement made with a company or corporation which has no legal standing? The idea is a farce, for the merest tyro at law knows that such an agreement would be void from the beginning.

And now, Mr. Editor, I would suggest to Mr. Hamilton that the next time he quotes Dominion Statutes it would be better to quote the last revised edition of the Statutes. The Consolidated Railway Act of 1879, sub-sec. 13, has been repealed and is now no longer in force. The Railway Act, chap. 109, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1886, has been substituted. I would request you to publish this letter, and by so doing you will oblige,

Yours truly,
MANITOBAN.

Winnipeg, 13th August, 1887.

MASSACRED

The Schooner Seabird Burned and Entire Crew Murdered by Indians.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 17.—News has [illegible] received from the Superintendent of Prov[incial] Police Roycraft, who went north with a [illegible] of specials in a special steamer some days [ago] to attempt the arrest of an Indian who [mur]dered two farmers in Cowichan about a [illegible] ago. He captured the Indian and now [has] him in custody. He also discovered that [the] missing schooner Seabird, which left Ft. T[illegible] send a year ago, for the north and has not been heard from, was taken by Indians, [illegible] and the entire crew massacred a short d[istance] above Seymour Narrows. Captain Mo[illegible] the Seabird, belonged to Victoria. Ro[ycraft] captured seven of the supposed murderers [and] they are now on the way to this city.

NORTHERN NEWS.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 17.—The [illegible] Boscowitz arrived on Tuesday night from [the] North and brought eight thousand cases [of] salmon. All the canneries have shut [down] for the season, and operations are regarded [as] very satisfactory. By the Boscowitz ar[rived] Chas. Lind, Cook and Fred Goslander, eng[ineer] of the Anna Beck, one of the seized [illegible] schooners. These were part of a crew [illegible] shipped from Ounalaska to Sitka on the [Chal]lenge also seized. When ten miles out[side] Sitka thirteen Siwashes and seven white[s] [and] half-breeds left that vessel in two boats [and] three canoes. After a very rough pas[sage] occupying fourteen days along the coast [they] reached Fort Simpson, where Mr. Hall [of the] Hudson Bay Co., treated them in a [illegible] humane manner. Along the shore they [ob]served rich quartz in many places the [illegible] going very high. They were exhausted [on] reaching Port Simpson. Here passage [was] taken in the Boscawitz. One of the [boats] containing five white men left Port Simp[son] before the Boscawitz sailed. On reach[ing] opposite Qualicham thirteen of the Siwa[shes] went ashore but saw no traces of the boat [and] the five men who were making their way home on Salt Spring Island. They [were] Capt. Douglas, Mr. Pappenberger, two [illegible] named McKay, and another white man, [name] unknown. When the Anna Beck was se[ized] she had 335 skins on board, fully ninety per cent of which were captured in Behring['s Sea] in which they were but five days. He [did not] know when Capt. Warren would be back, and the crew had to wait till the captain [came] to Victoria. The seal harvest was an a[bund]ant one and promised a large haul as a [result] of the season's operation.

CHATSWORTH, Ill., Aug. 18.—The coroner's jury in the railroad disaster, after three [days] deliberation returned a verdict that the sec[tion] boss, Coughlin, was guilty of gross crim[inal] negligence in leaving the fires burning a[long] the track. It is recommended that [he be] held to the grand jury. The company [was] censured for not having their track patrol[led] all evening. Coughlin will be arrested. [A] coroners warrant was taken to Pontiac. [There] was considerable diversity of opinion d[uring] the early part of the session of the jury [this] morning, several, of the number being [in favor] of making the verdict non-committal. [This] finally, however, gave way to argument.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 18.—Jake Fen[illegible] who was sentenced to be hung thirty years [ago] for killing Clayton Vaughn, but escaped [by] flight has just been arrested in Indian Ter[ritory] and will be brought back for execution. [The] sheriff of Forsythe county has gone after [him].

TAWAS, Mich., Aug. 17.—The second [trial of] Dr. Weir resulted yesterday in a verdict of [not] guilty. The jury in the first trial disagre[ed]. Dr. Weir, of Au Sable, was accused of [illegible] Mabel Clarke, a patient at a private [illegible] the charges—which were very sensationa[l] created a deal of excitement at the time, [set]ting forth that he had criminal advantage [of] her condition. He fled to London, [illegible] and after a long wait was extradited [illegible] The women of the locality were greatly [arou]sed, and it was largely through their ef[forts] that he was brought to trial.

THE BRUTE ESCAPED.

A Little Girl Outraged by James Price in Southern Manitoba.

BOISSEVAIN, Aug. 18.—James P[rice] [out]raged a girl of eleven years old at Hea[illegible] Ferry on Tuesday. He was arrested but es[caped] from the constable on Wednesday [illegible] Price is aged about twenty-five; light com[plexion]; thin face; high cheek bones; [illegible] build; no beard; height about five feet [illegible] The matter is understood to be in the han[ds of] the provinial police.

Weather Probalities.

It is probable that in the [illegible] winter we shall have much damp [illegible] weather, when rheumatism, neuralgia, [sore] throat and other painful complaints will [pre]vail. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the popu[lar] household remedy for external and inter[nal] use. Its curative power is truly [illegible]

A GENTLEMAN.

having been cured of Nervous [illegible] Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay and the evil effects of early indiscretion and [illegible] ful folly, is anxious to make known to [others] the simple mode of self-cure. To those who wish and will give him their symptoms, [he] will send (free) by return mail a copy of [the] recipe so successfully used in his case. Address in confidence, JAMES W. P[illegible] Cedar St., N. Y.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Co[illegible]
Purg[illegible]

C. P. R.

WE HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE IN SECURING

10,000 YARDS OF GREY COTTON

Slightly damaged by water, in the late accident on the C.P.R., which we will

CLEAR OUT AT 5 CENTS PER YARD,

BY THE PIECE ONLY.

Those Goods are worth, Mill Price, 8 and 9 cents. Come early and secure a Piece or Two, as they will not last long

This is the Greatest Bonanza in Cotton ever offered to the People of

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TWENTY-FIVE CASES

JUST OPENED, OF

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

Grey, Navy and Jersey Flannels, Yarns, Canadian, Shetland and Saxony Velvet Wool Shawls, all Colors.

Grey and White Cotton, Pillow Cotton and Sheetings.

PLAIN AND FANCY WINCEYS.

100 Pieces of New and Elegant Dress Goods, Trimmings to match. Royal Crown Corderoy Dress Goods, &c., &c.

All carefully selected, and will be Sold at Prices that will sustain the reputation we have for Selling good Goods at Close Prices.

OUR CLOTHING AND FUR GOODS

Will arrive in a few days, when we will have the Finest Selected and Largest Stock West of Winnipeg.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN SAME AS SPOT CASH.

FOR GOOD GOODS AT GENUINE BARGAINS, GO DIRECT TO

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OPPOSITE THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

WOODLEY & NEUMEYER,

LATE BRANDON BREWING COMPANY,

SPRING BREWERY,

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Brewers of the Celebrated India Pale Ale, Imperial Stout Noted XX Porter, in Casks or Bottles.

Also HARVEST BEER, at Rock Bottom Prices

Call and See the

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MONSERRAT LIME JUICE,

A Cooling and Refreshing Drink for Summer.

ROSE'S ESS. RENNETT

Makes Curds, Custards, &c., &c. A Cool Dish for Summer.

ROSE'S CONDITION POWDERS,

Use them, and get the Horses ready for the Hard Work of Summer.

ROSE'S QUININE WINE,

A Fine, Invigorating Tonic, made from Pure Wine.

ROSE'S LAVENDER WATER,

A Most Refreshing Perfume.

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For unscrupulous dealers who Sell an inferior Oil and call it Lardine.

USE NONE BUT

McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL

For your Machinery. It has no equal. Will not gum, equals Sweet or Castor Oil.

Also Challenge, Eureka and Amber, Heavy Engine Lard Oil, Bolt Cutting, Harness Oil and Axle Grease, ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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JOHNSON & CO. and WILSON & CO

BRANDON, MAN.

H. B. CO.'s COUNCIL.

The Forthcoming Gathering of Factors—A Memorable Occasion.

Among the many conferences, clerical and otherwise, which have been held in Winnipeg this season the forthcoming council of the officers of the Hudson's Bay company promises to be of more than passing interest. Under the provisions of a document, which every commissioned officer of the company is required to agree to, the Commissioner has power to call together the officers to consider matters pertaining to the trade of the company, and advise thereon. The present time being fraught with considerable importance to the interests of the company, the Commissioner has convened the council for the objects above named. The last general council was held in Prince Albert in 1883. It is reported that in addition to other matters a new set of rules and regulations for the service, adapted to the times, has been framed and will be laid before the council for consideration. The company are prepared to enter upon a vigorous, energetic policy, both in their commercial and furtrading departments, and very pronounced effects are expected. In bygone times the councils of the company were generally held at Norway House or Carleton, being the most convenient localities. The attendance at the councils in those times was but small, being limited to the officers of the Northern department alone, the difficulties of travelling preventing a thoroughly representative gathering of the whole company. But at the meeting which assembles on the 30th instant, for the first time, officers will be present from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the Arctic circle. The meeting is being largely looked forward to; many old friendships will be revived and several officers who know each other only by name will meet for the first time.

ELECTRICAL RAILWAY.

Interesting Accounts of Experiments in Philadelphia with Street Cars Moved by Stored Energy.

A series of interesting tests with an ordinary street car propelled by stored electrical energy is now being carried out in Philadelphia. The car is an ordinary horse car which has done regular service. The only alterations made to it, and these cannot be described by a casual observation, are in the addition of an electric motor, which is suspended upon one of the axles of the car, and the placing of a number of small cells representing the storage battery underneath the usual seats. The battery consists of a series of eighty small cells. Each cell measures 7 by 7 by 9, or barely one quarter of a cubic foot, and it containg 23 little lead plates, weighing about one pound a piece. These lead plates are charged by means of a dynamo machine at the depot driven by a gas engine or a steam engine, or by a water wheel, as the case may be, and then placed inside the car by the means of suitable appliances. The capacity of each cell is 150 ampere hours, and it has an electromotive force of two volts; this is equivalent to about two-fifths of a horse-power for one hour for each box, and as there are eighty of them, they give a stored energy equivalent to nearly thirty-two horse-power hours. On an average street railway this car when full of passengers takes about thirty amperes of current to propel it along at the rate of eight miles an hour; therefore in such a case the stored energy would hold out for five consecutive hours. When running up a gradient the power consumed is proportionately larger, but when running down an incline no power is used, because then the vehicle runs down easily by gravity. The track upon which the cars run at present is as difficult as one could imagine; there are four curves, the sharpest of which has a radius of thirty-three feet; immediately on leaving this curve a gradient commences, with a rise of 5 per cent. which is equal to 264 feet per mile. The car stops and starts with perfect ease upon this grade or upon any of the curves, with fifty passengers on board. One of the most inspiring features with this interesting vehicle is the perfect control which the driver has over the mechanism; he can start and stop and reverse instantly; he can manipulate a switch by means of a small handle, whereby the car may travel at the rate of one mile per hour or at ten miles per hour, or at any intermediate speed; there is no noise or vibration of any kind—the car glides along smoothly without any apparent cause. The whole propelling apparatus is entirely out of sight and out of reach, and there is not the least danger to persons touching any part, if such persons, as employees for instance, had any occasion to touch any of the parts. With regard to the cost of supplying the electric power, numerous tests have been made, and the experience up to the present has shown that a power of ten horse power for four hours is required to charge the accumulators once, and if they are replaced four times a day, the cost of steam power taken at one cent per horse power per hour, inclusive of coal, wages, water, oil and repairs to engine and boiler, will amount to $1.60 a day of sixteen hours.

A WASHINGTON WRECK.

A "Limited" Train Leaves the Track—Sixteen Injured.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—The limited express, due from Chicago and Cincinnati at 6.25, having two sleepers, two day coaches, two baggage cars, and one one mail car attached to the engine, while approaching this city was badly wrecked. The air brakes broke, and just before the "Y" was reached the engine jumped the track, carrying the train with it through the signal towes, which was a four-storey structure. The building was cut from the foundation as if by a razor. Engineer Hamilton Brosins was scalded to death. Fireman Smith jumped from the engine and had both legs broken. He is not expected to live. The operator in the tower saw the train and saved himself by jumping through the window and catching in a tree. Joe Healy, a boy employed in the tower, was seriously hurt. Sixteen passengers were injured, two fatally. The train was twenty-five minutes late, and running rapidly to make up as much time as possible. The wreck is one of the most thorough ever seen in this locality, and it is marvellous that so few were killed and injured. The sixteen injured are at Providence hospital, some in [illegible]

At the wreck a scene of confusion prevails. The engine of the express lies upon the embankment several feet above the track, while the sleeping cars are strewn in confusion on the sides, completely overturned, without roofs, and in one instance the ironwork of the sleepers was carried up into the second storey of the signal tower through which part of the train passed, carrying destruction with it. One car is partially imbedded in the ruins of the signal tower, and workmen are removing the debris to discover if any more bodies are buried beneath the bricks and lumber. The accident was caused by the engine jumping the track wile rounding a sharp curve at junction "Y" and the rapid speed at which the train was running was sufficient to carry engine and cars through the signal tower and land them on the embankment mentioned above.

462 VICTIMS.

That Number Killed or Injured in the Recent Railroad Horror.

CHATSWORTH, Ill., Aug. 17.—The coroner's jury on the late railroad disaster met this morning and decided to summon more witnesses. Station Agent Mason at Piper City [illegible] Roadmaster Ennis will be examined. [illegible] members of the jury want to see if blame cannot be attached to Mason, whose attention was called to fire on the track early on the night of the disaster. The jury also wants to inquire about Ennis' order before censuring Coughlin. The jury is evenly divided on the form of the verdict. D. Shaw, farmer, W. W. Sears, postmaster, and J. R. Bigham, farmer, want to bring in a verdict that 77 persons came to their death by an accident caused by a burning bridge, the latter through the carlessness of Timothy Coughlin, section foreman, one of the railroad company's agents who acted in positive disobedience to orders. Homer Bond still lives, contrary to the predictions of the doctor, and there is much hope of his recovery this morning. Frank Snedacker, nine year old son of Rev. Snedacker, Abington, is doing well. The report that Miss Pearl Adams died this morning is denied, though she suffers terrible agony. Most of the other victims are doing nicely. A revision of all the previous lists shows a total of 462, greater or lesser, victims of the disaster, making the most terrible railroad accident that ever occured in America.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 18.—Professor O. S. Fowler, the noted phrenologist and lecturer, died at his residence near Sharon station, Conn., this morning, after an illness of only thirty hours. The cause of death was spinal trouble, superinduced by a heavy cold.

Sir John Macdonald is expected to return to Ottawa in a few days.

A despatch received from Premier Mowat states that he need not be expected home for some weeks yet.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s earnings for the week ending Aug. 14th are $233,000; for the same week last year, $197,000.

The papers in the case of McGarigle, asking for his extradition by Canada, have been sent to Governor Oglesby, at Springfield.

The Mail's cable says: Canadian Pacifics to-day rose one-eighth, and Grand Trunks fell quarter for first preference and an eighth, for third preference and ordinary.

Hon. John Hamilton Grey is dead, aged 76. He was Premier of Prince Edward Island in 1862, and in 1864 presided over the Maritime union conference which resulted in Confederation.

Miss Adeline Caron, a cousin of Mr. Caron, M.P.P., was burned to death at Louisville on Friday night. She was carrying a lamp in her hand, when it exploded, setting fire to her clothes and burning her terribly.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

How Duncan McDonald Played the Confidence Trick on Several Lawyers.

Duncan McDonald, who was arrested at St. Boniface early on Thursday morning, is quite the most accomplished man the police have gathered in for many a day. Indeed his scheme for raising money made great talent necessary. The young man has plenty of nerve likewise, for without that he would never have set to work to do up the lawyers, who are not generally regarded by confidence men as good material. McDonald, however, caught a great number of the sharpest lawyers in town, and they are now receiving the good-natured chaffing of their friends, while their "near relative" sits in his prison cell, not, however, wrapped in melancholy, but inclined to hilariousness whenever he has an opportunity of speaking of his achievements. When arrested he told the police that he was not such a bad fellow, having limited his operations to the rich. "I never," he said, "took a cent from a man who is only earning a dollar and a half a day." He also said, with a burst of laughter, that he would have to send out of the city to secure a lawyer to defend him as he had done up so many of the city lawyers that he might not be able to get one.

He arrived in town last Saturday and in the short time intervening between his arrival and his arrest he succeeded in swindling about a dozen people so far as known. Most of them are lawyers, but there are one or two ministers. This shows that he has industry. His mode of operation was daring in the extreme. As stated yesterday, he passed himself off as a near relative to those that he swindled. The extraordinary thing is that in every case so far as known he was able to talk to each of his victims as though he really had known their families all the days of his life. He had in each case the family history down pat; and as for the old homesteads he knew every nook and cranny of them. He described the color of the paint on the gate in front of Mr. Nugent's early home with an eloquence that revived such memories in that gentleman's heart that he gave his relative $50 to take him home. Mr. Bonner, of N.F. Hagel's office, another victim, says he knew his family history well; and by similar means he did up the other lawyers, among whom were J. D. Cameron, W. Macara and L. McMeans. The extent of his operations will be made known at the police court this morning, one of his victims having laid an information against him.

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CAPITAL . . $2,500,000.

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Fashionable Winter Suits

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All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Bring along your cash and we will make prices suit you.

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London, Perfumers to H. M. the Queen, have invented and patented the world-renowned

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Which removes Small-pox Marks of however long standing. The application is simple and harmless, causes no inconvenience and contains nothing injurious.
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

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DUPONT GUN POWDER

Undoubtedly the best sporting powder made. All the crack shots in America use it. It is no experiment, having stood the test for 85 years, and still leads. It is strong, quick and clean, and costs no more than other makes. Can be had of all live dealers. Ask for it and see that you get it. One trial will be sufficient.

F F G Rifle.	Dominion Rifle.
F F F b Rifle.	Manitoba Sporting.
F b Sea Shooting.	Eagle Ducking.
Crystal Grain.	Blasting.

If you use this Powder and miss, it will not be the fault of the gun.

SEND

One Dollar

For 5 lbs. Extra Choice New Season, Natural Leaf Japan Tea, or the same quantity of a very choice English Breakfast BLACK TEA. We warrant these Teas free from sticks, stems, or any other foreign substance.

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No. 368, Main Street, Winnipeg.

When remitting for our Price List be sure and register your letter.

P.O. BOX 403.

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FURS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

FOR SALE BY TENDER.

TENDERS will be received up to Thursday, the 25th of August, for a large and varied Stock of Clothing, Furs and Gents' Furnishings, as shown by the stock list of same, and may be seen at the Store of

GEORGE BAWDEN, Brandon, Man.

This business is well established, and has been largely advertised. The Store is located in the very best part of the town and has always done an excellent trade. This is the only store in Brandon doing exclusively in this line of goods. A good chance is thus presented for a live man to take hold of a growing business, in good running order, and which is capable of great development.

Amount of Stock about $12,000.00.

Tenders will be received at so much on the Dollar. Terms of payment 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 months, satisfactorily secured, or arranged in any other way to suit the convenience of purchasers.

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HOUGH & CAMPBELL, Barristers, Winnipeg.

20 per Cent, Saved!

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One Door West of the Post Office,

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At 29 per Cent. less than the Prices of other Houses.

WALL PAPERS

From 10 Cents to $2 per Roll. 100 Patterns to choose from.

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We want the Money, and will give the Goods AT BOTTOM PRICES.

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TO THE

PUBLIC

AT

BRANDON.

ON JULY 4th.

Prof. Orville

AND HIS STAFF

Occupy their Rooms over

Nos. 453, 455 & 457, Main St

WINNIPEG.

No expense has been spared to make them pleasant and comfortable. They are richly Painted and elegantly Furnished, and supplied with Baths and other Mechanical Methods of Treatment. From that date Patients will be received there.

PROFESSOR ORVILLE and his staff are not Travelling Doctors, They locate themselves permanently in large cities, and devote their time to specialties and Modes of Treatment entirely beyond the reach of the ordinary practitioner. The Professor made a tour of this Province to make himself acquainted with its resources, possibilities and its people, and had no intention of repeating his visit to any point; but having met with so much opposition from your medical men, who, tenfold worse than the dog in the manger, endeavor to deprive suffering humanity of services which they feel utteriy incompetent to render themselves, both from lack of facilities and experience, he has concluded to send one or two of his Doctors to Brandon, every four weeks, and accordingly they can be consulted,

FREE OF CHARGE,

AT THE

GRAND VIEW HOTEL

On FRIDAY, JULY 28th,

From 3 p.m. till 9 p.m.,

And SATURDAY, JULY, 29th,

From 9 a m. till 9 p.m.

PROF. ORVILLE and his Staff see hundreds of Patients, suffering from every variety and stage of disease, and they benefit 99 out of every 100 cases they undertake to treat. No one of your medical men, no matter how long in practice, can claim a tithe of the experience and success that Prof Orville and his Staff have.

Do not be humbugged any longer with evasions and experimental treatment, but come and see us

CONSULTATION FREE,

and if there is any chance of your recovery we will tell you so in a straightforward manner.

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Patients taken at one-fourth to half-price for a few Weeks.

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Halpin's Sarsaparilla,

For the Blood and Skin Diseases so prevalent at this season of the year. A SURE REMEDY.

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Counteracts the effect of Alkali Water on the Hair.

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Give perfect satisfaction.

Physicians' Prescriptions

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N. J. HALPIN,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,
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"EXCELSIOR,"

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It is used and approved by the leading horsemen of the New York Driving Park, such as Robert Bonner, Frank Work, and hundreds of other gentlemen of repute.

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[illegible] ROBERGE, VETERINARY SURGEON, 1741 Broadway, New York.

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Wm. WILSON, Blacksmith,
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Auburn, Me., July 12, 1885.

[illegible] Bonner, Dear Sir,—Will you [illegible] by letter whether or not you [illegible] the Maud S. Hoof Expander, so [illegible] by Roberge, D.V.S., No. 1741 [illegible], N.Y. He says Maud S. wore a [illegible] forward feet all last winter with [illegible].

Very respectfully yours,
S. H. LOVEJOY.
[illegible], Me., Box 67.

[illegible] Sir,—I have used the Roberge Hoof [illegible] on Maud S. and other Horses with [illegible] results. It is an excellent instrument [illegible] the hoof when properly applied.

ROBERT BONNER.

PIMPLES. I will mail (FREE) on receipt of a 2 cent [illegible] a recipe for a simple VEGETABAE BALM that will REMOVE TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, BLACK HEADS, Etc., [illegible] soft, clear and beautiful. [illegible] the soft lily cheek, [illegible] its virtues speak. [illegible] producing a luxuriant g[illegible] smooth face. Addre[ss] [illegible] St., New York.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,

DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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The Largest ever Offered in Brandon!

The Entire Stock of the Estate of

BOWER, BLACKBURN & PORTER,

Is now offered to the Public, at

STRAIGHT BANKRUPT PRICES.

The various Lines consist of

Dry Goods
Groceries,
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The Public have been surfeited with *tall talk* as to the price at which goods can be bought in Brandon. We shall therefore do no "blowing," but beg respectfully to invite all intending purchasers, before spending money elsewhere, to call at the OLD STAND, Cor. 10th St. and Pacific Ave., and satisfy themselves that no other House can compete with us in Brandon or out of Brandon.

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Going to Stay UNTIL JANUARY.

I leave for the East to-day, to make Fall purchases for the Fall and Winter Trade, and in the meantime will coelinue to Sell all

SUMMER BOOTS & SHOES

AT ACTUAL COST PRICE

Not being able to dispose of my business, I am compelled to continue until the Stock is Reduced, and will Sell present Goods, as stated, at Cost.

A FULL LINE OF

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AT LOWEST FIGURES.

INSPECTION & COMPARISON Solicited

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Brandon Boot Store,
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HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds.

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON,
And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford St., London, they are spurious.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

To All Who Intend Building

WE draw your special attention to the new FACTORY that has been fitted up, with a complete set of Woodworking Machinery.

We are now prepared to promptly fill al orders on the shortest notice.

We will constantly keep on hand a stock o Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, Turnings. Scroll Sawing & Brackets made to Order.

Don't forget the place—South of Rosser Ave., Tenth Street.

Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, we are,

FORBES & STARRETT.

Auction Sale!

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BRANDON REPOSITORY;

Wednesday, Sep. 21, 1887.

Of Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs, Poultry, Rolling Stock and Implements of every description.

These sales take place only on the third Wednesday of every month.

Some of the best Farms in the neighborhood for Sale, cheap, and on reasonable terms.

CHAS. PILLING, Auctioneer.

This is the first time any advertising has been done on my account.

I try to get a

Fair Profit.

I never profess to

SELL GOODS
FOR
Less Than Cost.

I came here to get a living, and you who wish more must go otherwheres.

W. H. Hooper.

with Boer wagons, full now of sleeping Boers. Over one batch of wagons and tents John made out the Transvaal flag fluttering in the night breeze, and emblazoned with the appropriate emblem of an ox wagon and an armed Boer, marking, no doubt, the headquarters of the triumvirate. Once the cart ahead of him was stopped by a sentry and some conversation ensued. Then it went on again; and so did John, unmolested. It was weary work, that journey through Heidelberg, and full of terrors for John, who every moment expected to be stopped and dragged off ignominiously to jail. The horses, too, were dead beat, and made frantic attempts to turn and stop at every house. But, somehow, they got through the little place and then were stopped once more. Again the first cart got on ahead, but this time John was not so lucky.

"The pass said one cart," said a voice.

"Yah, yah, one cart," answered another.

John again put on his clerical air and told his artless tale; but neither of the men could understand English, so they went to a wagon that was standing about fifty yards away to fetch somebody who could.

"Now, inkoos," whispered the Zulu Mouti, "drive on! drive on!"

John took the hint and lashed the horses with his long whip; while Mouti, bending forward over the splashboard, thrashed the wheelers with a sjambock. Off went the team in a spasmodic gallop and had covered a hundred yards of ground before the two sentries had realized what had happened. Then they began to run after the cart shouting, but were soon lost in the darkness.

John and Mouti did not spare the whip, but pressed on up the stony hills on the Pretoria side of Heidelberg without a halt.

By 11 o'clock they reached a hotel, or wayside house, known as Ferguson's, and situated about twenty miles from Pretoria. It was empty, except for a couple of cats and a stray dog. The inhabitants had evidently fled from the Boers. Here John stabled and fed his horses, giving them all that remained of the forage; and then, once more, started on for the last stage. The road was dreadful; and he knew that the country must be full of hostile Boers, but fortunately he met none. It took him four hours to get over the twenty miles of ground; but it was not until he got to the "Poort," or neck running down into Pretoria, that he saw a vestige of a Boer. Then he made out two mounted men riding along the top of a precipitous stone strewn ridge, some 600 yards or so from him. At first he thought that they were going to descend it, but presently they changed their minds and got off their horses.

While he was still wondering what this might portend, he saw a puff of white smoke float up from where the men were, and then another. Then came the sharp, unmistakable "ping" of a bullet passing, as far as he could judge, within three feet of his head, followed by a second "ping," and a cloud of dust beneath the belly of the first horse. The two Boers were firing at him.

He did not wait for any more target practice, but, thrashing the horses to a canter, got the cart round a projecting bank before they could load and fire again. After that he saw no more of them.

At last he reached the mouth of the Poort and saw the prettiest of the South African towns, with its red and white houses, its tall clumps of trees and pink lines of blooming rose hedges lying on the plain before him, all set in the green veldt, and made beautiful by the golden light of the afternoon, and [illegible] thanked God for the sight. He knew that he was safe now, and let his tired horses walk slowly down the hillside and across the bit of plain beyond. To his left were the jail and barrack sheds, and gathered about them were hundreds of wagons and tents, toward which he drove. Evidently the town was deserted and its inhabitants [illegible] in danger. When he got within half a mile o[illegible] so a picket of mounted men came riding towa[rd] him, followed by a miscellaneous crowd on horseback and on foot.

"Who goes there?" shouted a voice in honest English.

"A friend who is uncommonly glad to see you," he answered, with that feeble jocosity we are all apt to indulge in when a great weight is at length lifted from our nerves.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRETORIA.

Jess did not have a very happy time of it at Pretoria previous to the outbreak of hostilities. Most people who have made a great moral effort, and after a severe mental struggle entered on the drear path of self sacrifice, have experienced the reaction that will follow as certainly as the night follows the day. It is one thing to renounce the light, to stand in the full glow of the setting beams of our imperial joy and chant out our farewell, and quite another to live alone in the darkness. For a little while memory may support us, but memory grows faint. On every side is the thick, cheerless pall and the stillness through which no sound comes. We are alone, quite alone, cut off from the fellowship of the day, unseeing and unseen. More especially is this so when our dungeon is of our own making, and we ourselves have shot its bolts. There is a natural night that comes to all, and in its unwavering course swallows every hope and fear, forever and forever. To this we can more easily resign ourselves, for we recognize the universal lot and bow ourselves beneath the all effacing hand. The earth does not pine when the daylight passes from its peaks; it only sleeps.

But Jess had buried herself, and she knew it. There was no absolute need for her to have resigned her affection to her sister; she had done so of her own will, and at times she naturally enough regretted it. Self denial is a stern faced angel. If only we hold him fast and wrestle with him long enough he will speak us soft words of happy sound, just as, if we wait long enough in the darkness of the night, stars will come to share our loneliness. Still this is one of those things that time hides from us and only reveals at his own pleasure; and so far as Jess was concerned, his pleasure was not yet. Outwardly, however, she showed no sign of her distress and of the passion which was eating at her heart. She was pale and silent, it is true, but then she had always been remarkable for her pallor and silence. Only she gave up her singing.

And so the weeks went on, drearily enough for the poor girl, who was doing what other people did—eating and drinking, riding and going to parties like the rest of the Pretoria world, till at last she began to think that she had better be going home again, lest she should wear out her welcome. And yet she dreaded to do so, mindful of her daily prayer to be delivered from temptation. As to what was going on at Mooifontein she was in almost complete ignorance. Bessie wrote to her, of course, and so did her uncle once or twice, [illegible] not tell her much of what [illegible] know. Bessie's letters were, [illegible] [il]lusions of what [illegible] Niel [illegible] did not so [illegible] has

Her reticence, [illegible], and her observant sister more than her words. Why was she so reticent? No doubt because things still hung in the balance. And then she would think of what it all meant for her, and now and again give way to an outburst of passionate jealousy, which would have been painful enough to witness if anybody could have been there to see it.

And so the time went on toward Christmas, for Jess, having been warmly pressed to do so, had settled to stay over Christmas and return to the farm with the new year. There had been a great deal of talk in the town about the Boers, but she was too much preoccupied with her own affairs to pay much attention to it. Nor, indeed, was the public mind greatly moved; they were so much accustomed to Boer scares at Pretoria, and hitherto they had invariably ended in smoke. And then all of a sudden, on the morning of the 18th of December, came the news of the proclamation of the republic, and the town was thrown into a ferment, and there was a talk of going into laager, and, anxious as she was to get away, Jess could see no hope of returning to the farm till the excitement was over. Then a day or two later Conductor Egerton came limping into Pretoria from the scene of the disaster at Bronker's Spruit, with the colors of the Ninety-fourth regiment tied round his middle, and such a tale to tell that the blood went to her heart and seemed to stagnate there as she listened to it.

And after that there was confusion worse confounded. Martial law was proclaimed, and the town, which was large, straggling and incapable of defense, was abandoned, the inhabitants being ordered into laager on the high ground overlooking the city. There they were, young and old, sick and well, delicate women and little children, all crowded together in the open under the cover of the fort, with nothing but canvas tents, wagons and sheds to shelter them from the fierce summer suns and rains. Jess had to share a wagon with her friend and her friend's sister and mother, and found it rather a tight fit even to lie down. Sleep, with all the noises of the camp going on round her, was a practical impossibility.

It was about 3 o'clock on the day following that first miserable night in the laager when, by the last mail that passed into Pretoria, she got Bessie's letter announcing her engagement to John. She took her letter and went some way from the camp to the side of Signal Hill, where she was not likely to be disturbed, and, finding a nook shaded in by mimosa trees, sat down and broke the envelope. Before she had got to the foot of the first page she saw what was coming and set her teeth. Then she read the long letter through from beginning to end without flinching, though the words of affection seemed to burn her. So it had come at last. Well, she expected it, and had plotted to bring it about, so really there was no reason in the world why she should feel disappointed. On the contrary, she ought to rejoice, and for a little while she really did rejoice in her sister's happiness. It made her happy to think that Bessie, whom she dearly loved, was happy.

And yet she felt angry with John with that sort of anger which we feel against those who have blindly injured us. Why should he have it in his power to hurt her so? Still she hoped that he would be happy with Bessie, and then she hoped that these wretched Boers would take Pretoria, and that she would be shot or put out of the way somehow. She had no heart for life; all the color had faded from her sky. What was she to do with herself? She would not stop on the farm after John and Bessie were married; she was quite clear as to that; nor, if she could avoid it, would she return there before they were married. She would see him no more, no more! Alas, that she had ever seen him.

Feeling somewhat happier, or at any rate calmer, in this determination, she rose to return to the noisy camp, extending her walk, however, by making a detour toward the Heidelberg road, for she was anxious to be as long alone as she could. She had been walking some ten minutes when she caught sight of a cart that seemed familiar to her, with three horses harnessed in front of it and one tied on behind, which were also familiar. There were a lot of men walking alongside of the cart, all talking eagerly. She halted to let the little procession go by, when suddenly she perceived John Niel among the men and recognized the Zulu Mouti on the box. There was the man whom she had just vowed never to see again, and the sight of him seemed to take all her strength out of her, so that she felt inclined to sink involuntarily upon the veldt. His sudden appearance was almost uncanny in the sharpness of its illustration of her impotence in the hands of fate. She felt it then; all in an instant it seemed to be borne in upon her mind that she could not help herself, but was only the instrument in the hands of a superior power whose will she was fulfilling through the workings of her passion and to whom her individual fate was a matter of little moment. It was inconclusive reasoning and perilous doctrine, but it must be allowed that the circumstances gave it the color of truth. And, after all, the border line between fatalism and free will has never been quite authoritatively settled, even by St. Paul, so perhaps she was right. Mankind does not like to admit it, but it is, at the least, a question whether we can oppose our little wills against the forces of the universal law or derange the details of the unvarying plan to suit the petty wants and hopes of individual mortality. Jess was a clever woman, but it would take a wiser head than hers to know where or when to draw that red line across the writings of our life.

On came the cart and the knot of men, and then suddenly John looked up and saw her looking at him with those dark eyes that did, indeed, seem at times as though they were the windows of her soul. He turned and said something to his companions and to the Zulu Mouti, who went on with the cart, and then came toward her smiling and with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Jess?" he said. "So I have found you all right!"

She took his hand and answered, almost angrily, "Why have you come? Why did you leave Bessie and my uncle?"

"I came because I was sent, and also because I wished to. I wanted to get you back home before Pretoria was besieged."

"You must have been mad! How could you expect to get back? We shall both be shut up here together now."

"So it appears. Well, things might be worse," he added, cheerfully.

"I do not think that anything could be worse," she answered, with a stamp of her foot, and then, quite thrown off her balance, burst incontinently into a flood of tears.

John Niel was a very simple minded man, and it never struck him to attribute her grief to any other cause than anxiety at the state of [illegible] her [illegible] ind[illegible] [illegible] besieged [illegible]

was a little hurt at the manner of his reception after his long and most perilous journey, which is not, perhaps, to be wondered at.

"Well, Jess," he said, "I think that you might speak a little more kindly to me, considering—considering all things. There, don't cry, they are all right at Mooifontein, and I dare say that we shall get back there somehow sometime or other. I had a nice business to get here at all, I can tell you."

She suddenly stopped weeping and smiled, her tears passing away like a summer storm. "How did you get through?" she asked. "Tell me all about it, Capt. Niel;" and accordingly he did.

She listened in silence while he sketched the chief events of his journey, and when he had done she spoke in quite a changed tone.

"It is very good and kind of you to have risked your life like this for me. Only I wonder that you did not all of you see that it would be of no use. We shall both be shut-up here together now, that is all, and that will be very sad for you and Bessie."

"Oh. So you have heard of our engagement?" he said.

"Yes, I got Bessie's letter about a couple of hours ago, and I congratulate you both very much. I think that you will have the sweetest and loveliest wife in South Africa, Capt. Niel; and I think that Bessie will have a husband any woman might be proud of;" and she half bowed and half courtesied to him as she said it, with a graceful little air of dignity that was very taking.

"Thank you," he said, simply; "yes, I think I am a very lucky fellow."

"And now," she said, "we had better go and see about the cart. You must be very tired and hungry;" and they started.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the cart, which Mouti had outspanned close to Mrs. Neville's wagon, where Jess and her friends were living, and the first person they saw was Mrs. Neville herself. She was a good, motherly, colonial woman, accustomed to a rough life, and not easily disturbed by an emergency like the present.

"My goodness, Capt. Niel!" she cried, as soon as Jess had introduced him. "Well, you are plucky to have forced your way through all those horrid Boers! I am sure I wonder that they did not shoot you or beat you to death with sjambocks, the brutes. Not that there is much use in your coming, for you will never be able to get Jess back till Sir George Colley relieves us, and that can't be for two months, they say. Well, there is one thing, Jess will be able to sleep in the cart now, and you can get one of the patrol tents and sleep alongside. It won't be quite proper, perhaps, but in these times we can't stop to consider propriety. There, there, you go off to the governor. He will be glad enough to see you, I'll be bound. I saw him at the other end of the camp, there, five minutes ago, and we will have the cart arranged and see all about it."

Thus adjured, John departed, and when he returned half an hour afterward, having told his eventful tale, which did not, however, convey any information of general value, he was rejoiced to find the process of "getting things straight" was in good progress. What was better still, Jess had fried him a beefsteak over the camp fire, and was now employed in serving it on a little table by the wagon. He sat down on a camp stool and ate his meal heartily enough, while Jess waited on him and Mrs. Neville chattered away.

"By the way," she said, "Jess tells me you are going to marry her sister. Well, I wish you joy. A man wants a wife in a country like this. It isn't like England, where in five cases out of six he might as well go and cut his throat as get married. It saves him money here, and children are a blessing, as nature meant them to be, and not a burden, as civilization has made them. Lord, how my tongue does run on! It isn't delicate to talk about children when you have only been engaged a couple of weeks; but, you see, that's what it all comes to after all. She's a pretty girl, Bessie, and a good one, too—I don't know her much—though she hasn't got the brains of Jess, here. That reminds me; as you are engaged to Bessie, of course you can look after Jess, and nobody will think anything of it. Ah! if you only knew what a place this is for talk, though their talk is pretty well scared out of them now, I'm thinking. My husband is coming round presently to the cart to help get Jess's bed into it. Lucky it's big. We are such a tight fit in that wagon that I shall be downright glad to see the last of the dear girl; though, of course, you'll both come and take your meals with us."

Jess heard all this in silence. She could not well insist upon stopping in the crowded wagon; it would be asking too much; and, besides, she had had one night in the wagon, and that was quite enough for her. Once she suggested that she would see if she could not get the nuns to take her in at the convent, but Mrs. Neville instantly suppressed the notion.

"Nuns?" she said, "nonsense. When your own brother in law—at least he will be your brother in law if the Boers don't make an end of us all—is here to take care of you; don't talk about going to a parcel of nuns. It will be as much as they can do to look after themselves, I'll be bound."

As for John, he ate his steak and said nothing. The arrangement seemed a very proper one to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWELFTH OF FEBRUARY.

John soon settled down into the routine of camp life in Pretoria, which, after one once got accustomed to it, was not so disagreeable as might have been expected, and possessed, at any rate, the merit of novelty. Although he was an officer of the army, John preferred, on the whole, having several horses to ride, and, his services not being otherwise required, he made up his mind to enroll himself in the corps of mounted volunteers known as the Pretoria carbineers, in the humble capacity of a sergeant, and this he obtained leave to do from the officer commanding the troops. He was an active man, and his duties in connection with the corps kept him fully employed during most of the day, and sometimes, when there was outpost duty to be done, during a good part of the night too. For the rest, whenever he got back to the cart—by which he had stipulated he should be allowed to sleep in order to protect Jess in case of any danger—he always found her ready to greet him, and every little preparation made for his comfort that was possible under the circumstances. Indeed, as time went on they found it more convenient to set up their own little mess instead of sharing that of their friends, and so they used every day to sit down to breakfast and dine t[ogether at a little] table rigged up out of [illegible]

course the whole thing was very irksome in a way, but it is not to be denied that it had a charm of its own. To begin with Jess, when once one got thoroughly to know her, was one of the most delightful companions to a man like John Niel that it was possible to meet with. Never, till this long tete a tete at Pretoria, had he guessed how powerful and original was her mind, or how witty she could be when she liked. There was a fund of dry and suggestive humor about her which, although it would no more bear being written down than champagne will bear standing in a tumbler, was very pleasant to listen to, more especially as John soon discovered that he was the only person so privileged. Her friends and relations had never suspected that Jess was humorous. Another thing that struck him about her, as time went on, was that she was growing quite handsome. She had been very pale and thin when he reached Pretoria, but before a month was over she had got, comparatively speaking, stout, which was an enormous gain to her appearance. Her pale face, too, gathered a faint tinge of color, that came and went capriciously, like starlight on the water, and her beautiful eyes grew deeper and more beautiful than ever.

"Who would ever have thought that it was the same girl?" said Mrs. Neville to him, holding up her hands as she watched Jess solemnly surveying a half cooked mutton chop: "why, she used to be such a poor creature, and now she's quite a fine woman. And that with this life, too, which is wearing me to a shadow, and has half killed my dear daughter."

"I suppose it is being in the open air," said John, it having never occurred to him that the medicine that was doing Jess so much good might be happiness. But so it was. At first there had been a struggle, then a lull, and after that an idea. Why should she not enjoy his society while she could? He had been thrown into her way through no wish of hers. She had no desire to wean him from Bessie; or if she had a desire, it was one she was far too honorable a woman to entertain. He was perfectly innocent of the whole story; to him she was the young lady who happened to be the sister of the woman he was going to marry, that was all. Why should she not pluck her innocent roses while she might? She forgot that the rose is a flower with a dangerous perfume, and one that is apt to confuse the senses and turn the head. So she gave her[self] full swing, and for some weeks went nearer to knowing what happiness really meant than she ever had before. What a wonderful thing is the love of a woman in its simplicity and strength, and how it gilds all the poor and common things of life, and even finds a joy in service! The prouder the woman the more delight does she extract from her self abasement before her idol. Only not many women can love like Jess, and when they do they almost invariably make some fatal mistake, whereby the wealth of their affection is wasted, or worse still, becomes a source of misery or shame to themselves and others.

It was after they had been incarcerated in Pretoria for about a month that a bright idea occurred to John. About a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of the camp stood a little house known, probably on account of its diminutive size, as "The Palatial." This cottage had been, like almost every other house in Pretoria, abandoned to its fate, its owner, as it happened, being away from the town. One day, in the course of a walk, John and Jess crossed the little bridge that spanned the sluit and went in to inspect the place. Passing down a path lined on either side with young blue gums, they reached the little tin roofed cottage. It consisted of two rooms—a bedroom and a good sized sitting room, in which still stood a table and a few chairs, with a stable and a kitchen at the back. They went in and sat down by the open door and looked out. The grounds of the little place sloped down toward a valley, on the farther side of which rose a wooded hill. To the right, too, was a hill clothed in deep green bush. The grounds themselves were planted with vines, just now loaded with bunches of ripening grapes, and surrounded with a beautiful hedge of monthly roses that formed a blaze of bloom. Near the house, too, was a bed of double roses, some of them exceedingly beautiful, and all flowering with a profusion unknown in this country. Altogether it was a delightful little spot, and, after the noise and glare of the camp, seemed perfectly heavenly; and they sat there and talked a great deal about the farm and old Silas Croft, and a little about Bessie.

"This is nice," said Jess presently, putting her hands behind her head and looking out at the bush beyond.

"Yes," said John. "I say, I've got an idea. I vote we take up our quarters here—during the day, I mean. Of course we shall have to sleep in camp, but we might eat here, you know, and you could sit here all day; it would be as safe as a church, for those Boers will never try to storm the town, I am sure of that."

Jess reflected and soon came to the conclusion that it would be a charming arrangement, and accordingly next day she set to work and got the place as nice and tidy as circumstances would allow, and they commenced housekeeping.

HOUSEKEEPING AT THE PALATIAL.

The upshot of this arrangement was that they were thrown more together than ever before. Meanwhile the siege dragged its slow length along. No news whatever reached the town from outside, but that did not trouble the inhabitants very much, as they were sure that Colley was advancing to their relief and even got up sweepstakes as to the date of his arrival. Now and then a sortie took place, but as the results attained were very small and were not on the whole creditable to our arms, perhaps the less said about them the better. John, of course, went out on these occasions, and then Jess would endure [illegible] all the wor[se] because [illegible]

killed. However nothing happened to him, and things went on as usual till the 12th of February, on which day an attack was made on a place called the Red House Kraal, which was occupied by Boers, near a spot known as the Six Mile Spruit.

The force, which was a mixed one, left Pretoria before daybreak, and John went with it. He was rather surprised when, on going to the cart in which Jess slept, to get some little thing before saddling up, to find her sitting on the box in the night dews with a cup of coffee she had prepared for him in her hand.

"What do you mean by this Jess?" he asked, sharply. "I will not have you getting up in the middle of the night to make coffee for me."

"I have not got up," she answered, quietly; "I have not been to bed."

"That makes matters worse," he said; but nevertheless he drank the coffee, and was glad to get it, while she sat on the box and watched him.

"Put on your shawl and get something over your head," he said, "the dew will soak you through. Look, your hair is all wet."

Presently she spoke. "I wish you would do something for me, John," for she called him John now. "Will you promise?"

"How like a woman," he said, "to ask one to promise a thing without saying what it is."

"I want you to promise for Bessie's sake," she said.

"Well, what is it, Jess?"

"Not to go on this sortie. You know you can easily get out of it if you like."

He laughed. "You little silly; why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't laugh at me, because I am nervous. I am afraid that—that something might happen to you."

"Well," he remarked, consolingly, "every bullet has its billet, and if it does I don't see that it can be helped."

"Think of Bessie," she said again.

"Look here, Jess," he answered, testily, "what is the good of trying to take the heart out of a fellow like this? If I am going to be shot I can't help it, and I am not going to show the white feather, even for Bessie's sake; so there you are, and now I must be off."

"You are quite right, John," she said, quietly; "I should not have liked to hear you say anything different, but I could not help speaking. Good by, John; God bless you." and she stretched down her hand, which he took, and went.

Mortality Among Children.

Before the Paris Foundling hospital adopted the expedient of placing children in families in the country its mortality rates averaged 56 per cent. a year; under the new system the death rate sank to [illegible] per cent. for the whole time the foundlings were its wards, which enters the school age. The Hospital San Spirito in Rome reports the difference of mortality between the children it retains in asylum and those whom it places with families in the country at 88.78 to 12.80 per centum. This is for abandoned infants.—Charles D. Kellogg.

A Dog's Howling Note.

Dr. W. H. Walshe says that he once saw a dog who invariably uttered a heart rending howl when the note F sharp on the fifth line of the treble clef was struck on the piano. He had seen him rouse up out of apparent sleep at the sound. The animal proved, under repeated trials, perfectly indifferent to the semitone above and below that note, to its octaves and, in fact, to all other notes.

Precious Stones Imported.

The value of the precious stones honestly imported into the United States is between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 per annum, and it has been calculated that gems to half that sum escape payment of the duty.—Home Journal.

The lobster lays from 2,000 to 12,000 eggs, of which probably 1,000 are hatched.

Sugar by the Diffusion Process.

Commissioner of Agriculture Colman has recently made a visit to Louisiana to investigate the field for experiments in cane sugar making by the diffusion process. He speaks highly of the mammoth plantation of Governor Warmoth, which has been selected for the work, and says that, if the experiments in Louisiana are successful, the planters will be enabled to compete successfully with the best sugar interests beyond a doubt. Cane which would ordinarily yield eighty pounds to the ton will yield 140 pounds under the new process.

Wax in the Keyhole.

One afternoon recently a Boston man found his keyhole stopped with wax when he went home in the afternoon. The police were asked to try to catch the parties who had taken the impression of the lock. The officers secreted themselves in the house and prepared for a night's watch for the thieves, who were expected to descend upon the place. But early in the evening it was explained that the governess, who has a sweet tooth, is in the habit of carrying caramels in the same pocket with her door key, and some of the sweet meats stuck to the key. She used it during the day, and the waxy appearing substance became scraped from the key and remained in the lock.

Rich Colored Woman.

The richest colored woman in America is Amanda Eubanks, of Rome, Ga., who pays taxes on $400,000. The property came to her by will from her white father. The next richest is Mrs. James Thomas, of St. Louis, who owns the fine barber shop, the Lindell, and is assessed on property to the amount of $300,000.

A Really Great Man.

If Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, was not so really great a man, people might say he was an affected one. He always alludes to himself in the pulpit as "we." Some time ago he announced in a hoarse voice that "we have a cold to-day, and on that account we will not preach as long as usual."—Chicago Times.

Municipal Police of Paris.

The cost of the municipal police of Paris, exclusive of the commissaires and the sanitary service, is over $4,500,000 a year, the material expenses figuring up for about $2,500,000, and salaries $2,128,000. The chief inspectors are paid $1,200 a year, the captains about $700, the brigadiers $[illegible] a year and the 6,800 ordinary policemen receive an average of $[illegible], or 1,[illegible] francs a year.